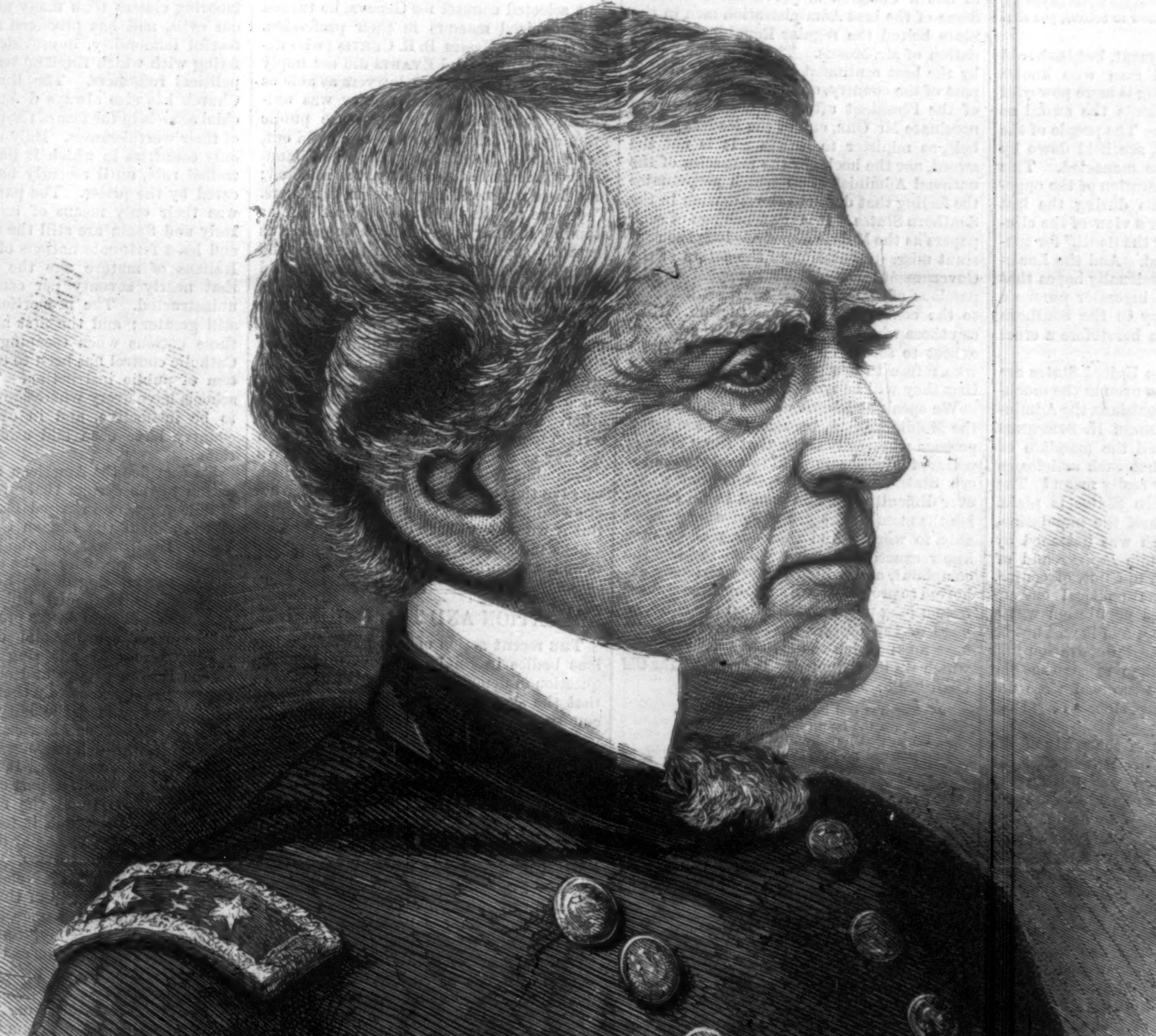
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XVII.—No. 838.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1873, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



GOVERNOR JOHN A. DIX.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. W. BOGARDUS.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 18, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly is sent out gratuitously an Eight-page Supplement, in which are concluded "The Wandering Heir," by Charles Reade, and "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," by B. L. Farjeon.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

A RECENT number of the Mobile *Register* says:

> "It is our greatest misfortune here that at the North we find so few willing ears to hear our wrongs, and none with power to do us simple justice. Patience and long-suffering go for nothing, except to increase the blows of indignity rained upon us. The policy of the Government would seem to be to drive us to despair, to hate the flag and the country we were ready to love and reverence, to suspect the people of that country, to curse our fate, and to die. Only God knows how many lives have been cut short by the awful sufferings and mortifications of this people since the last hostile gun was fired. It is a grievous thing to deprive a whole people of their liberty by a stroke of the pen to an act of Congress, and it does not lighten the sorrow when the victims are writhing in their torture and held down by the sword, to be told—first, you have deserved all you get, and next, it is because of your own lack of patience and cheerfulness and statesmanship that you continue to suffer. You knock us down and tell us to stand. You manacle our hands and tell us to be free. You put ignorance and vice in the seats of our executives, legislators, and judges, and tell us to govern wisely and to act like statesmen. You ask more than human nature can accomplish and bear. And when you write about the South as you do, and advise us what to do and how to behave, you simply add insult to injury."

This is not a fair statement, but it should arrest every thoughtful man who knows that in government feeling is more powerful than reason. It represents the sword as the key of the situation. The people of the Southern States, it says, are held down by the sword, and they are manacled. This was the substantial declaration of the opponents of the Republicans during the last campaign. Mr. Greeley's view of the election was that the cry of "the South" for succor had been disregarded. And the Louisville *Courier-Journal* occasionally hopes that the Administration will hereafter pursue a wise and humane policy in the Southern States, as if it had been heretofore a cruel tyranny.

Now as the laws of the United States are equal and uniform, and as even in the much-misrepresented case of Louisiana the Administration, as Mr. Alexander H. Stephens admits, has only enforced the mandate of the courts, what is it that such articles as we cite from the *Register* really mean? The situation in the Southern States is plain. Slavery had degraded half the population, and emancipation, which was hastened by the conduct of the Mobile *Register* and of those who supported it, did not, of course, abolish ignorance. The political enfranchisement of the colored population was a necessity of the situation, and it will not be revoked. The national Administration had no other part to play than to see that the rights which it had guaranteed were not disregarded under the pretense of "local self-government."

Meanwhile the views of the party of the *Register* were well known. It held that the reconstruction legislation was unconstitutional, and the new amendments were usurpations; and its demands to be let alone were simply demands to be allowed to nullify the new order. What it really wanted was that the States should be suffered to do as they chose in the matter, and that the national government should keep its hands off. That is what it means now by saying that it is under the sword and under the heel. Mobile and the State of Alabama are no more under the national sword than the city of New York and the State of Illinois are. If for any part of the country the President nominates and the Senate confirms improper officers, judges or other, whose official action the national authority must support, it is a grave misfortune; but it is no worse for one State or part of the country than it is for another.

What, then, should a man do in a State where he sees the political union of what he believes to be ignorance and knavery, which is the situation deplored by the *Register*? He should do just what the *Register* itself has sometimes advised. That is, he should seek to divide the ignorant vote. If the *Register* and its friends had from the first shown a real comprehension of the position; if they had sought, as wise men, to make the best of what they could not help; if they had sternly repressed the Ku-Klux; if they had cultivated the most friendly relations with the new citizens, and proved their good faith in every way—they would have undoubtedly found that the new vote would have been as friendly to them as to the newcomers from other parts of the country. But they did exactly the reverse. They began with black codes, and they went on by the most contemptuous and bitter opposition to the civil and political enfranchisement of the freedmen. They tolerated and fostered the Ku-Klux, and in every conceivable way they played into the hands of Warmoth and Company. Even now, when they have found that their conduct has compactly organized the new vote against them, they rail at it, declare that it ought to be withdrawn, and denounce the sword.

Of course we understand that it is not pleasant for a man to see the expenses of his State enormously increased, and taxes made heavier and heavier by what he considers a corrupt and ignorant Legislature. We can easily perceive why he sneers at the suggestion of patience and acquiescence. But he must nevertheless hold on to common-sense, or there is no hope for him. And one thing the Mobile *Register* and its supporters ought to see plainly. So long as the vote which is opposed to them believes that they are hostile to it, so long it will be solidly united against them, and "local self-government" will not help them. The only remedy for the real difficulty in the Southern situation is what may be called confidence. When the new voters really believe that their rights are irrevocably assured, two results will follow: they will cease to be a unit; and a steady, industrious, valuable emigration will flow toward that part of the country.

It is useless to say that the military power of the national authority supports corrupt governments in the Southern States. Events in South Carolina disprove the assertion. Some of the best Administration men in the State bolted the regular Republican nomination of Mr. Moses. They were sustained by the best sentiment of the party in this part of the country, and one of the first acts of the President after the election was to nominate Mr. Orr, one of the leaders of the bolt, as minister to Russia. It is not the sword, nor the heel, nor the manacles of the national Administration which perpetuates the feeling that disturbs the situation in the Southern States. It is the teachings of such papers as the Mobile *Register*. It is the constant misrepresentation of the action of the Government; the constant appeal to the passions of the war; the constant hostility to the conditions of reconstruction. How can those who incessantly flout the new vote expect to secure or to divide it? or those who refuse to accept the situation suppose that they will be trusted by those who do?

We speak at length of this complaint of the Mobile *Register*, because there are many persons who really think that there is some policy of injustice pursued toward the Southern States, while the truth is that whatever difficulties remain would begin to vanish the moment the grumblers went reasonably to work. And that our readers may know exactly the spirit which inspires the complaint, and which we are seriously exhorted to propitiate, we subjoin three stanzas from a long poem printed upon the editorial page of the *Register* on the day following that upon which the article appeared from which we have quoted. It is called *The Old Confederate: his Story in 1933.*

"When the end had come, my children,
When the South had ceased to be,
When that proud and generous people
Claimed no longer to be free—
Then the victors, flushed and maddened
By the taste of gold and blood,
Pounced upon the conquered region,
Doing all that victors could.

"And while every thought was plunder,
Where to plunder, when, and how,
Quietly the country glided
Into what you see it now.
The victorious chieftain, marking
Great advantages it gave,
Taxed his cunning till the victors
Each was made a Tyrant's slave.

"Well I mind me how they murmured
When awakened to the state
Of affairs that hung around them,
But the waking came too late.
Every right their fathers gave them
Now was canceled, now was gone,
Leaving them to beg for favor,
Kneeling round a Tyrant's throne."

CONGRESS AND THE FINE ARTS.

Congress occasionally appropriates money for statues of public men and for paintings of historic events. There are Mr. Powell's picture of the "Discovery of the Mississippi," and Miss Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln, for instance. They are both in the Capitol at Washington. More recently ten thousand dollars were appropriated for Mr. Moran's picture of the "Yellow Stone Region;" ten thousand, also, for a statue of General Rawlins; and twenty-five thousand for another picture by Mr. Powell, representing Perry's victory upon Lake Erie. There is no committee upon the fine arts in either House of Congress. The fine arts, indeed, find little favor in Washington. One of the noblest statues, Greenough's "Washington," is a laughing-stock. "He is reclaiming his breeches from the Patent-office," says the current wit of the capital. On the other hand, Persico's "Columbus" is suffered to stand—every body wondering what it is—and the scholarly Senator whispering, as he beholds, "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." There used to be plenty of fun thrust at Trumbull's historic pictures in the rotunda. But time and the efforts of later artists have brought them up wonderfully; while, although John Randolph, whose taste and knowledge of art were not commanding, called them shin-pieces, it is a fact that there are fewer shins visible in them than in most pictures of the kind.

As there are no Congressional committees upon the fine arts, it is always a question how the national commissions for the statue or the painting are given. Is it, for instance, because of the universal satisfaction with Mr. Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi" that he receives the other order? Or because of the Congressional conviction that he is, upon the whole, the chief American painter? Or because friends—etc., etc. For the Rawlins statue competition seems to have been invited, and the gentlemen who were designated to decide had no discretion but to award it to the author of what seemed to them the best model presented. The names of the competitors were published, and then it appeared that none of the more conspicuous sculptors had competed. Was it because they did not know of the offer; or because they preferred not to compete; or because they suspected "influence?"

The wise rule of conduct for Congress seems to be very simple. When the President selected counsel for Geneva, he turned to recognized masters in their profession. His choice of Messrs. B. R. Curtis (who declined), Cushing, and Evarts did not imply that there were not other lawyers as able as they, but only that their ability was universally recognized. So when the public grounds in Washington were to be laid out, Mr. Downing, confessedly the chief landscape gardener in the country, was selected; and there was no slur upon other gardeners. There are painters and sculptors of similar standing in their arts—men whose names as instantly suggest themselves to those who are interested in art as those of Agassiz and Gray to those who are interested in science. One of these should be selected for every work of sculpture or painting, not because there may not be men of equal excellence although of less reputation, but because the probabilities of a satisfactory result are very much greater in this course than in any other. Thus we may all of us know that certain men are eminent sculptors, although we may at the same time suppose Persico's "Columbus" to be a noble work. If, then, we give the statue to be wrought by the acknowledged master, we discharge our duty. But if we undertake to decide among anonymous models, we are at the mercy of the taste that approves Persico.

EDUCATION AND THE CHURCHES.

The recent action of two powerful religious bodies in England in relation to the question of denominational education shows that the system has already failed in that country. The Non-conformists are strenuously urging the establishment of non-sectarian schools; the Wesleyans, although less decided, have at length passed resolutions in favor of the same method; and it would seem that the whole Protestant influence, outside of the English Church, will be employed in future to secure a system of public instruction closely resembling our own. By Mr. Foster's Educational bill, under which a compulsory method was introduced into England for the first time two years ago, and which was designed to remedy that fatal neglect with which the English government has heretofore overlooked the mental condition of its people, each denomination was permitted to establish its own parochial schools, and maintain them at the public cost. A brief trial has shown the entire impracticability of the project. It has already proved a source of continual discord among the various religious bodies: all are dissatisfied with the share allotted to them from the educational fund; none are apparently sure of receiving full justice from school boards that are often controlled by their opponents. The Non-conformists and the other Dissenters complain that while they compose the majority of the people, the English Church has engrossed the larger part of the school fund, and uses it for the purposes of proselytism. The English Church, which has heretofore been the chief obstacle in the way of general education, now reproaches the Dissenters with their want of diligence in founding schools. The Roman Catholics are scarcely better satisfied: they fear that Protestant supervision may affect the faith and morals of their children unfavorably, while many independent thinkers are shocked at the prospect of supporting a throng of Jesuit schools at the cost of the community. The system has failed, in the opinion of the most intelligent classes of the English; the Non-conformists require its destruction, and even the Wesleyans, who possess their own parochial schools, are desirous of exchanging them for a more thorough system of national instruction. It seems probable that the ruling Church must soon be forced to abandon its opposition to non-sectarian schools, and that a compulsory system of common-school education will finally be established in England.

It was with surprise, therefore, that we noticed, by a report in a morning paper, that several of our Methodist clergy, at a public meeting, recently joined in a denunciation of the public schools, and advocated a return to the parochial. We hope that the report is untrustworthy and exaggerated. We believe that no Protestant body among us is blind to the truth that knowledge is the handmaid of religion, or that the highest achievements in the cause of mental progress have been won by the common schools. The two chief defenders of denominational education are the English and the Roman churches. The English Church has obstinately opposed every effort in England to introduce a non-sectarian system of teaching, and the result has been that a large proportion of the English people still linger in brutal ignorance. Crime, disorder, intolerable want, have overspread the nation. The opposition of its Established Church to public instruction, partly upon political grounds, partly to prevent the spread of rival sects, has been more disastrous to the moral and physical welfare of the English laboring classes than many more conspicuous evils, and has produced much of that fearful immorality, improvidence, and suffering with which England terrifies its own political reformers. The Roman Catholic Church has also always defended its parochial schools in the face of the plainest proofs of their worthlessness. Italy and Spain, the only countries in which it has held uncontrolled rule, until recently have been educated by the priest. The parochial system was their only means of instruction, and Italy and Spain are still the most ignorant and least fortunate nations of Europe. Of Italians of mature age the census shows that nearly seventy per cent. are wholly uninstructed. The proportion in Spain is still greater; and the first aim of each of these nations when escaping from Roman Catholic control has been to establish a system of public instruction. The parochial schools have every where shown themselves to be ineffective, and in every European country have been laid aside for the national.

To sacrifice the American system of education to the system that prevailed in the Middle Ages, or in papal Italy and Spain, is the aim of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Dr. Holmes and the small band of Methodist clergy who spoke the other evening at the meeting of the Educational Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, over which Bishop Janes presides, in favor of sectarian schools, and denounced the public, were only adopting the argument of the Roman priests and advancing their plans. It is quite certain that they will find no support among the laity of the Methodist Church. The American system of education has fixed its strong foundations in the hearts of the people. It is the offspring as well as the chief support of freedom. On it rests the hopes of the republic. That mental equality which it tends to produce can alone soften sectional discord and diminish religious asperity. And while the English Methodists and Non-conformists are eagerly demanding from their government non-sectarian schools upon the plan of the American, while Italy, Spain, and even France are looking to us as their educational guides, it seems an extreme of folly for any American priest or prelate to denounce the public schools of his native land. He is only repeating the idle clamor of the Jesuits.

PUBLIC INDIFFERENCE TO DANGER.

If somewhere in the country there should presently be some terrible loss of life by fire, it would not be until after public attention had been thoroughly aroused, and nobody would be justly blamable but those who suffered. The destruction of Barnum's menagerie and museum, in the city of New York, followed immediately by that of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, shows that probably no place of amusement in the city, or in other cities, is properly secure. Indeed, the facts show a still more alarming condition of things. For Mr. M'Spedon, the New York Fire Marshal, says, in his report upon some of the recent fires, that when he had remonstrated in vain with the people in charge of Barnum's, he thought it his duty to report the case to the insurance companies. They inspected the place, and ordered certain changes to be made. "These admonitions were entirely neglected," says the Fire Marshal. But neither he nor the insurance companies warned the public; and had there been a terrible loss of human life, we do not see how Mr. M'Spedon could have shaken off the responsibility; for he knew the danger, and did not make the public aware of it.

Is there a single theatre in this city, or in the country, which is not liable to take fire from a "defective flue" or other cause, and is there one in which a catastrophe would not be inevitable? On Saturday, December 28, a report of the same Fire Marshal was published, stating the condition of the popular city theatres in regard to fires and escape from them. The remarks upon the Fifth Avenue Theatre were very brief: "Fifth Avenue Theatre, last inspected September 21, 1871, and reported perfectly safe." On Wednesday, January 1, four days after this report was published, at about half past four o'clock in the afternoon, the Fifth Avenue Theatre took fire, only twenty minutes after the audience retired, so that the fire was probably already kindled when they were leaving, and not only was the theatre totally destroyed, but the neighboring blocks were endangered. The Fire Department was, as it always is, promptly upon the spot, and most efficient, but no fire department can save a tinder-box when it is once lighted.

It is natural to suppose that, after the experience of the last few months, and in buildings so peculiarly exposed as theatres, there will be the utmost care in all of them to provide against the risks of fire. But in the report of the Fire Marshal upon the safety of the theatres he says of Wallack's, a place always so thronged, and by the best audience, that it was safe, "with the exception of *a stove in the paint shop, which stands upon the bare floor!*" The "proprietors agreed to remedy it immediately." But that they should have tolerated such a danger for a moment shows a wanton disregard of human life and the grossest unfitness for the responsibility they have assumed. The discovery of such recklessness should have subjected them to heavy damages. If such things are true of a theatre like Wallack's, it is not difficult to imagine what perils lurk in the others. All that the press can do is to inform the public and demand adequate protection. Yet if the public does not care, and prefers to take the risk, stoves will continue to stand upon bare wooden floors among the varnish pots of a theatre, and Fire Marshals who know that places of public resort are liable "to take fire at any moment" will continue to conceal that fact from the public.

PLUNDER AS A PRINCIPLE.

One great advantage of the positive interest of the President in the reform of the civil service is that the subject is receiving the most thorough consideration. A great deal of the rubbish of tradition is rapidly cleared away. The idea that party government can not continue if the system of plunder is abolished becomes, in the light of common-sense, more and more ridiculous. Indeed, there is probably no point upon which the most sagacious and intelligent men of all parties are so entirely agreed as the desirability of the reform. Twenty years ago Richard Rush, one of the most experienced public men of his time in this country, wrote:

> "We have arrived at a code of universal partisan proscription, which each party seems equally to approve and practice, under a supposed necessity that every new President is morally and wisely, if not politically, bound to employ as officers, from A to Z, abroad and at home, those only who hold his own opinions. This now established practice of universal change every four years, and the terrible contests and corruptions to which it will give birth in our Presidential elections, the ratio of each increasing geometrically, as offices and emoluments grow more numerous and tempting under the prodigious growth of our country, must end in breaking the government to pieces."

Mr. Rush evidently saw the peril, but he did not see the distinction which has long been drawn between political and non-political offices. In England the ground of this distinction is that certain officers are so closely connected with the person of the sovereign that they have peculiar facilities for influencing the royal mind. In this country the ground of the distinction is obvious. The election of a President nominated by a party is the popular approval of the general policy of that party. Those who advise the President or the cabinet must therefore rightfully be selected from the friends of that policy; and the same reason will govern the selection of those who are to represent the Government in other countries. But the arbitrary and wholesale removal of the whole body of minor administrative officers is a practice so monstrous that it has always been denounced by intelligent observers. "In former times," says Todd (*Parliamentary Government in England*), "and even so recently as the reign of George III., the patronage of the crown was oftentimes shamefully abused. Persons were appointed to places of trust and emolument, or removed therefrom, on mere political grounds, and in furtherance of political intrigues." The practice which is so generally held in this country to be essential to party government is thus denounced as a shameful abuse.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel*, in describing the competitive examination for the civil service as a failure, says: "The great point in civil service to be guarded and established is that government employés should be honest, and capable of performing the particular business intrusted to them." Very well; and how is that point to be "established" except by some method of ascertaining who are honest and capable? And what can this method be but some kind of investigation? A competitive examination does not directly determine personal habits or moral character. But still less do the interested certificates of politicians and county committees determine them. Nor is it proposed that such examinations shall decide more than they fairly may. But the capacity "of performing the particular business" of writing a good hand, of spelling correctly, of making certain computations, of estimating values, and of the great mass of the work of the public offices, is precisely the thing that can be determined by examination. Let us try to free our minds of cant. The object sought by every intelligent friend of a reform in the civil service is not only that there should be honesty and capacity in the public service, but that it should be so organized as most probably to secure them. To leave the matter to patronage is to leave it to personal favor, and to all the influences that may affect it. It is as with government itself. If the king is a good and wise man, the government may be excellent, but the king's son may be a fool or knave. Experience proves that a government of laws is better than one of persons. So a dispenser of patronage may consult only the public welfare. But, nevertheless, experience proves that patronage corrupts men and degrades the service.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Elliott, the colored M. C. from South Carolina, after being admitted to the bar in Boston, went to Edgefield, South Carolina, where he commenced practice, and fell in love with and married a handsome three-fourths white damsel. Soon afterward he moved to Columbia, where he now resides, lives in an elegant two-story house with Mansard-roof, and has two handsome fountains playing in front. His parlor is richly carpeted, and three large cases of choice books stand against the walls. Mr. Elliott is probably the most talented colored man living. As a lawyer he is able, and can hold his own with any of the profession who now practice in South Carolina. His manners and conversation are those of a well-bred white man.

—Among the public benefactors who have died during the past month is Mr. John A. Brown, banker, of Philadelphia, who in 1871 gave $300,000 to the Presbyterian Hospital, of that city.

—People do view things so differently! Here, for instance, is the London *Spectator*, that says of Horace Greeley: "He was not an able man in the ordinary sense of the word, being very viewy, inordinately credulous about new isms, and very vain; but he was very lucid, very detached, and possessed a keen sense of humor."

—Bishop Potter, in his Christmas sermon, indicated the early erection of an Episcopal cathedral in this city, in connection with which would probably be a college for the training of young men for the ministry, and a music-school to teach the true cathedral style of music. Several gentlemen have announced their readiness to subscribe $100,000 each, and a general meeting of the Episcopal laity will soon be held to get the matter in train.

—When Lee met Meade on Palm-Sunday, 1865, near Appomattox Court House, he said, in a light, airy way, "Why, Meade, what are you doing with all that gray in your beard?" "You have had a good deal to do with it," retorted his conqueror, with a short laugh.

—It is said in clerical circles that the Rev. Dr. Haight will decline the episcopate of Massachusetts. He is admonished by his physician that to undertake the labor and care of a diocese at the age of sixty-seven, with health far from rugged, would be too hazardous. Besides, the present position of Dr. H. is a very agreeable one—$10,000 a year as an assistant of old Trinity, or a retiring pension of $7500 when he finds himself incapacitated for active duty. His life has been spent here, and to break up the associations of a lifetime and start anew in Boston—it's asking rather too much.

—When Canon Charles Kingsley, a few weeks since, in his presidential address to the Birmingham Midland Institute, earnestly recommended the teaching of the art, and also the encouragement of the practice, of preserving health, he little thought that his appeal would be promptly followed by a gentleman who anonymously sent $12,500 to establish a professorship on that subject.

—History is constantly repeating itself—in the benefactions of Philadelphia's young philanthropist, George W. Childs. Not content with insuring the lives of his employés, and sending confidential clerks abroad for holidays and paying their expenses, and giving all persons connected with the *Ledger* an annual Fourth of July jubilation at Cape May, we now hear that on Christmas Day over *six thousand dollars* was distributed by him to his various subordinates, some receiving as much as five hundred dollars, and others less, in proportion to position, etc. A goodly portion of Mr. Childs's time would seem to be devoted to looking up appropriate objects for beneficence.

—The ducal house of Brunswick is about to become extinct, as the present sovereign, who is sixty-six, is unmarried. His only brother, whom he succeeded, fled the duchy on the breaking out of the riot in the city of Brunswick in 1830, and was afterward declared by a resolution of the German Diet "unfit to govern." A decree has been issued providing that William I., ex-king of Hanover, or his son, shall succeed to the throne.

—Heinrich Yager illustrates the retiring modesty of the California character. His effort to commit suicide a few days since, in San Francisco, was frustrated as he was about to fire the fatal shot by an officer who came in at his wife's request, and, enraged thereat, demanded "by what authority this loafer presumed to interfere with the private little affairs of a gentleman."

—Pullman is about to invade England. The Midland Company have invited him thither for the purpose of introducing his palace cars on their road, and the magnates of other roads are thinking of doing the same. So enormous has been the demand for the comforts of these cars that new works are now in the course of construction at Jersey City, St. Louis, and Chicago. General Horace Porter, who recently resigned his commission in the army, and his position as private secretary of President Grant, is now an officer of the company.

—M. De Lesseps is about to renew his digging, his present project being to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth, in Greece, thus joining the Gulf of Ægina and the Gulf of Lepanto, making Morea an island. It is a five-mile job.

—Rossini's famous opera of *William Tell* has been brought out in Russia under the name of *Charles the Bold*, which is making rather bold with the author's idea.

—When James E. Murdock, the actor, resided a few years ago on his farm in Ohio, and tilled the soil like any other old farmer, he one day rode to the village, carrying some calf-skins to sell. Driving to the tannery, he met the proprietor, of whom he inquired, "What are you paying for good calf-skins to-day?" The tanner, to whom Murdock was a stranger, took a chew of tobacco, put both hands in his pockets, and said, with a lazy air, that he didn't know—he wasn't sure that he wanted any calf-skins. Murdock's anger was aroused at the fellow's mixture of impudence and indifference, and straightening himself into an acting attitude, he delivered a splendid piece of vituperation from one of Shakspeare's plays. The tanner soon changed his indifference into amazement and admiration. He was a very ignorant man, but Murdock's oratory and Shakspeare's words had transfixed him. When the "piece" was finished he reached out his hand. "Who are you?" said he. "If you say that over again I'll give you a dollar a pound for your old hides." Murdock told him his name, sold the hides, and they twain had a good laugh.

—Miss Cobbe, an English philosopheress, has lately published some clever articles in London magazines, in which she contends that dogs, as well as men, have immortal souls. Possibly, though we are dubious about certain puppies.

—Washington left an estate worth about $800,000. John Adams died moderately well off. Jefferson died so poor that if Congress had not given $20,000 for his library he would have been bankrupt. Madison was economical, and died rich. Monroe died so poor that he was buried at the expense of his relatives in this city. John Quincy Adams left about $50,000, the result of prudence. His son, Charles Francis Adams, gained a large fortune by marriage. Jackson died tolerably well off. Van Buren died worth some $300,000. It is said that during his entire administration he never drew any portion of his salary, but on leaving took the whole $100,000 in a lump. Polk left about $150,000. Tyler married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and died rich. Taylor left about $150,000. Fillmore was always an economical man, and has added to his wealth by his last marriage. Pierce saved about $50,000. Buchanan left about $200,000; Lincoln, about $75,000; Johnson, about $50,000.

—The recent ice gorges in the Mississippi, and the great rise and overflow of water, reminds one of the famous lines of Butler, in *Hudibras*, descriptive of Holland:

> "A country that draws fifty foot of water,
> In which men live as in the hold of nature;
> A land that rides at anchor, and is moored,
> In which they do not live but go aboard!"

—The Rev. Dr. Kramer, rector of Grace Chapel, in this city, recently destroyed by fire, remarked at a late service, in Irving Hall, that notwithstanding the calamity experienced in the loss of the chapel, the Christmas offering for the poor was larger than ever before.

—Excellent William Barry, a printer at Nashville, Tennessee, now sets type in that city, although he has touched ninety-three. He has lived there since the canebrakes had to give way to the city.

—The bust of Mazzini, in marble, is to be placed in the Gallery of Illustrious Men in the Capitol at Rome.

—Mr. John Priestley, who has recently died, was for many years treasurer of the Century Club in this city, and the friend or acquaintance of most of its literary men and artists. His amiable and unselfish character won for him a lasting popularity. His literary talents were considerable, and he was for some time the editor and proprietor of the *Whig Review*.

—Mr. Bright is one of the few English statesmen whose deliberation and clearness in speaking are the delight of reporters. Alluding to him a short-hand man says, "I have known Mr. Bright in the heat of a public meeting, when the last word of his sentence has been lost in the ringing cheers of the audience, quietly repeat that word to the reporters sitting beneath him." No wonder that he is a favorite with the "gallery."

—Mrs. Mast has been appointed by the Board of County Commissioners to succeed her late husband as Register of Deeds of Leavenworth County, Kansas.

—The Barings, who have recently been displaced as bankers of the United States government in England, now possess two titles of nobility—Ashburton and Northbrook. Their ancestors were from Groningen. Franz Baring, the first of them in England, was minister of the Lutheran church at Bremen, and came over to London as a Lutheran clergyman. His third son, Francis Baring, designated by the Prime Minister, Lord Shelburne, as "the Prince of Merchants," founded the house of Baring Brothers & Co.

—Dean Ramsay, just deceased, was one of Scotland's foremost men—a learned scholar, an able writer, an eloquent preacher, and a man of such genial temper and ways as to make him the delight of every social circle in which he appeared. Forty years ago he was appointed minister of St. John's Cathedral, Edinburgh, and ten years later dean of the diocese. He was on the pleasantest terms with the clergy of other denominations, and noted for his opposition to intolerance of every sort. Several readable books have been written by him, the most interesting of which is his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. This has gone through many editions, and is by far the best book of Scottish anecdote and incident that has been published.

—It is related of a statesman of Pennsylvania that during a recent session of the Legislature of that State he arose in his place, at the close of the day, and said, "If Colonel Tom Scott has no further business before the House, I move we adjourn." Now here is something that the Legislature, or the great corporation over which Colonel Scott presides, should attend to at once. A few days since a comparatively young man, smooth-faced and small, called upon a lawyer in Bedford and asked this simple question, "Is there a law in this State allowing a pension to parties having twins?" "Not that I know of," said the lawyer. "Why?" "Why," said the client, "I have had twins seven times in seven years, and I know they give a pension in Russia for fulfilling the law (Bible), and I thought the old Keystone never went back on the commandments." The lawyer told him the Keystone never went back on what was right, and thought probably he might find something in the statutes that would be in his favor, and that he should call at another time. The mother is a buxom brunette, about thirty-nine years of age, and has, in addition to the fourteen twins, given ten single births in seventeen years. That she deserves a handsome pension there is no question.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The heavy snow-storm of which mention was made in our last number was followed by storms of rain and sleet, and these in turn by an old-fashioned January thaw, which made the streets almost impassable. It is no exaggeration to say that in some places the slush was three feet in depth. To add to the miseries of the situation, a heavy fog prevailed on the 3d instant, which rendered communication with Brooklyn and Jersey City highly perilous. The Staten Island boats ran but few trips, and then hauled off, while steamers bound to distant points did not leave their docks.

The second trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., closed Saturday evening, January 4. After an absence of about three hours the jury returned with a verdict of murder in the first degree. The announcement occasioned a profound sensation. Just a year had elapsed between the death of Fisk and the close of the second trial of the man by whose hand he died.

Maillard's Hotel, in this city, was destroyed by fire on the 27th of December. The losses will probably amount to $250,000.

Twelve men were buried by the avalanche which fell at Cottonwood, Utah Territory, December 26. Only one of the bodies has been recovered.

The Senatorial investigation into the alleged frauds in the building of the Harlem Court-house, in this city, was concluded December 28.

The Mississippi River at Memphis was recently completely gorged with ice, occasioning serious damage to the shipping and docks.

The Commissioner and Solicitor of Internal Revenue have determined to modify the tax upon native wines, and to remit taxation upon such admixtures of them as are admissible among the pure wines of France and Germany.

General John A. Dix was inaugurated as Governor of the State of New York, and William F. Havemeyer as Mayor of the city, on the 1st instant.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre, in this city, was entirely destroyed by fire on the afternoon of New-Year's Day. The estimated loss is $150,000.

Carlotta Patti and troupe narrowly escaped death on a Georgia railroad, January 2, where eight other passengers on the same train were killed and fifteen wounded by a collision of cars.

An express train on the Pittsburg and Erie Railroad ran off an embankment, five miles south of Newcastle, on the 3d instant, injuring twenty of the passengers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Nine thousand Khivese are besieging the Russian forts on the Emba River, and another force of 2000 men is depredating on the Russian fisheries at the mouth of the same river.

The mayors of several of the French communes have refused to comply with the orders of the French Assembly to placard the speech which Minister Dufaure made recently in the Assembly, reflecting upon the character of Gambetta.

The *North German Gazette* styles the Pope's allocution, delivered in Rome on the 23d ult., an unpardonable insult to the Emperor of Germany, and adds that the Pope's "colossal impudence" calls for the immediate passage of a law defining the boundaries between the state and the Church of Rome.

The ship *Benares*, which left Hong-Kong for San Francisco on September 12, has been wrecked off the Loo-Choo Islands, and all hands perished except five.

The *Amyntas* was wrecked while going from Holyhead to Workington recently, and all on board were lost.

The Cuban insurgents, December 17, attacked Magari, and on the 19th entered the town of Holguin, under the command of Garcia. They succeeded in both attempts, and killed about sixty Spanish soldiers, and wounded several officers.

The Austrian government has determined to dispense with the services of Count von Beust.

The Pope is again in hot water. During the past week the German chargé d'affaires, the French embassador, and the representative of the Swiss government have severed their relations with the Vatican.

An accident occurred upon a Scotch railroad on the night of December 30, seven miles north of Glasgow, by which forty persons were seriously injured.

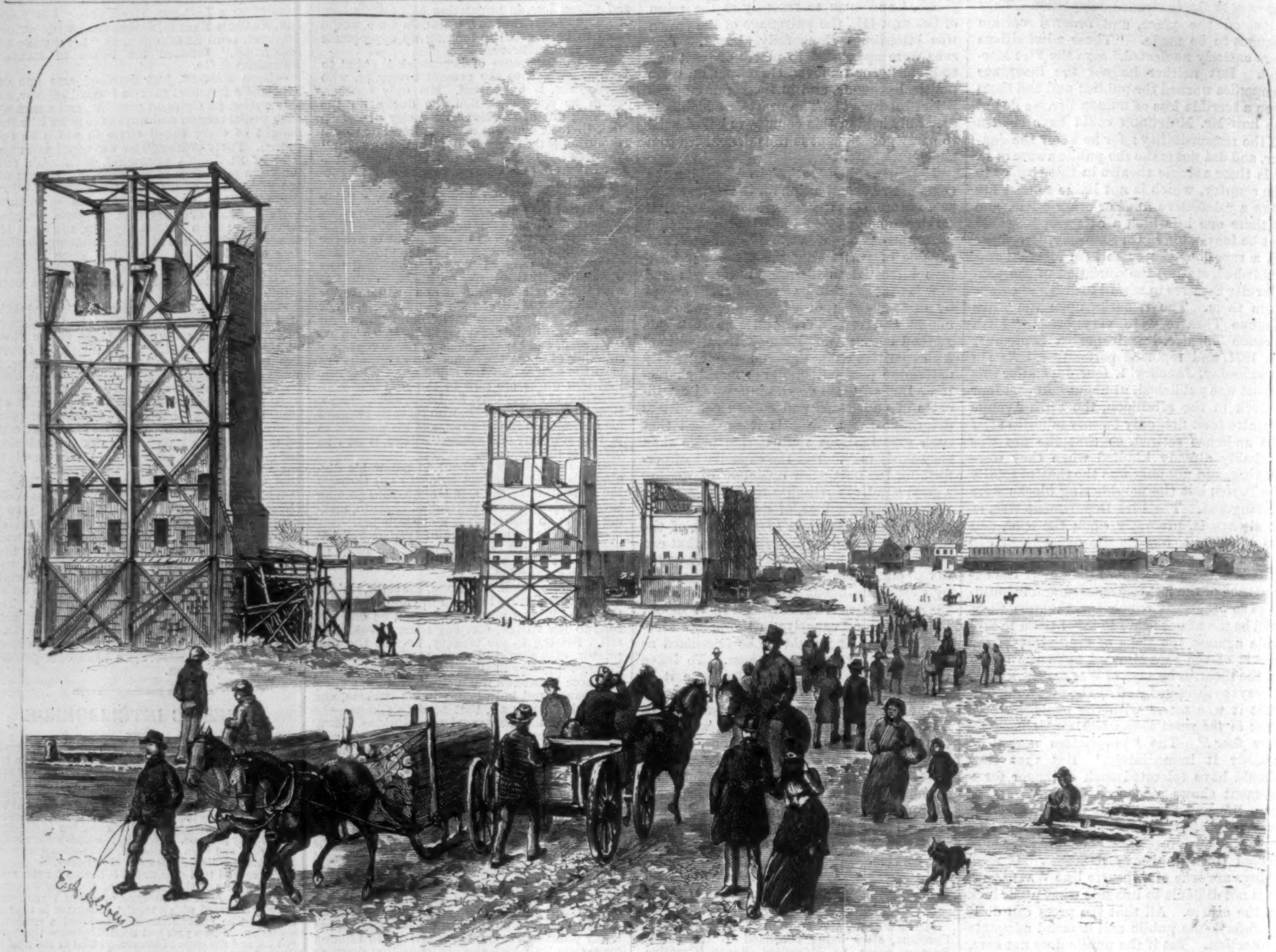
General Von Roon has been appointed president of the Prussian Council of Ministers. Lieutenant-General Von Kamecke succeeds him as Minister of War.

The Russian government has informed the British government of its full plan of operations in Central Asia, and offered to allow British officers to accompany the expedition.

Hundreds of English agricultural laborers are preparing to emigrate to Brazil, because they can not obtain from the farmers the wages they demand.

Five hundred and eighty more Communists have been sentenced by the French government to penal servitude.

The Pope on New-Year's Day made a speech to the Palatine Guards, in which he alluded to the persecutions of the Church, and declared that the cities of Europe are dancing on perilous ground.

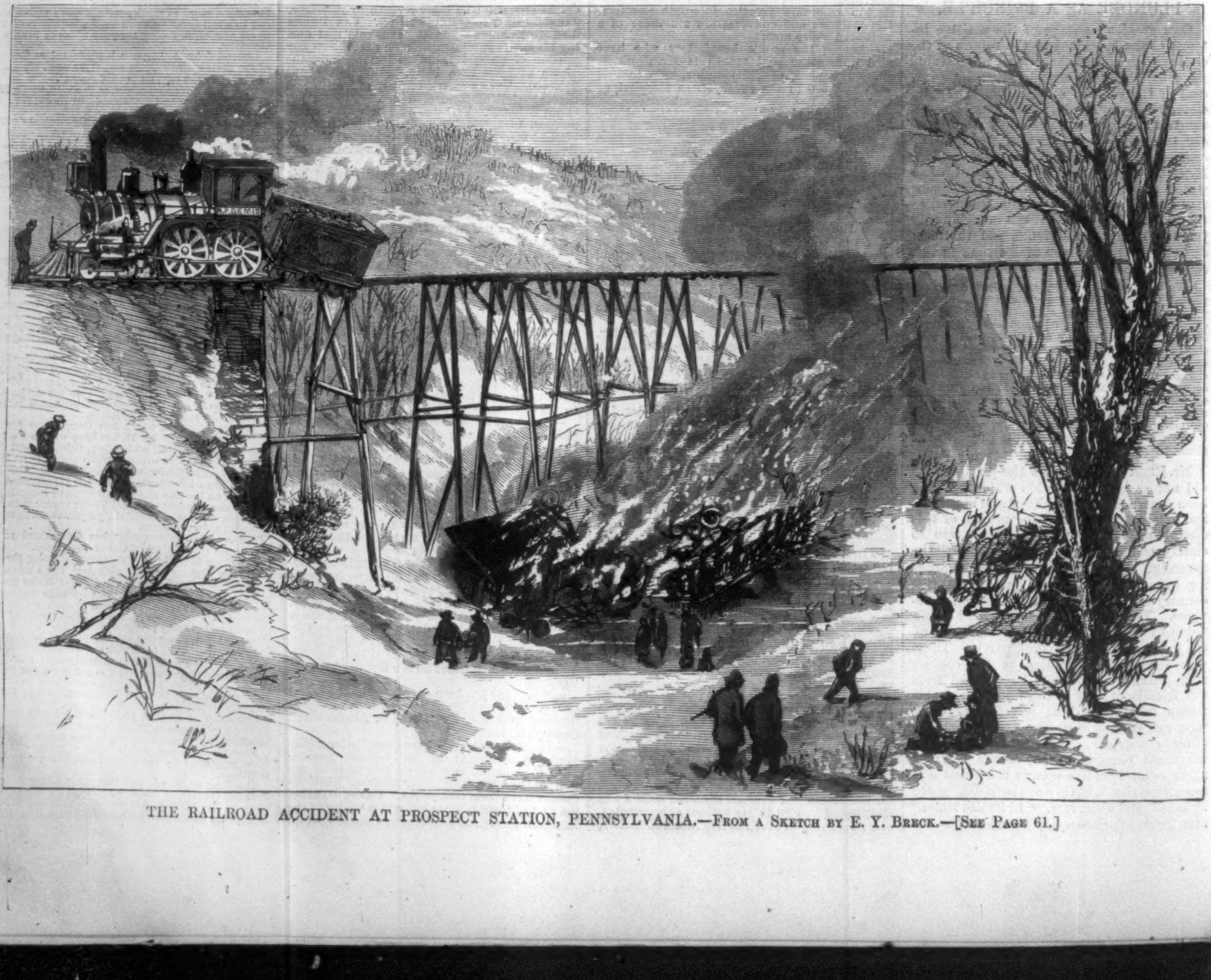


ICE BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI AT ST. LOUIS.—[Photographed by R. Benecke, St. Louis.]

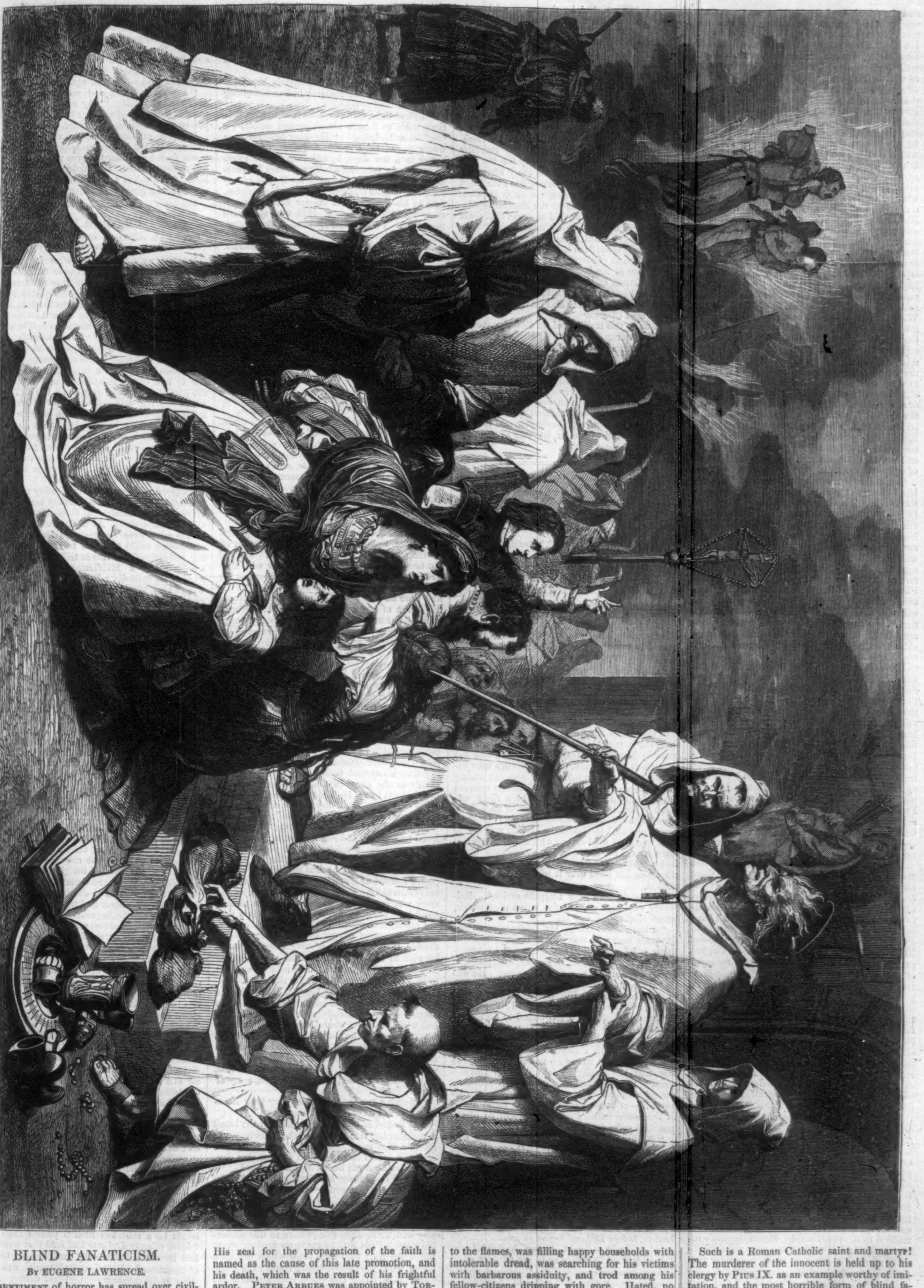
ICE BRIDGE AT ST. LOUIS.

During the recent intensely cold weather, which extended over the whole country, the Mississippi River was spanned at several points by accidental bridges, where floating blocks of ice were jammed by the current into a solid mass, stretching from bank to bank, sufficiently compact to bear the weight of heavy teams, and, of course, forming a complete obstruction to navigation. One of the largest of these "ice gorges," as they are called out West, was formed across the river at Randolph, Tennessee, about thirty miles north of Memphis, where the ice was piled up to the height of thirty feet. At this point a deplorable accident occurred—a flat-boat, with seven persons, was swept under the ice by the strong current, and all on board perished Great damage to steamboats and other craft was done at various points along the river.

Our illustration gives a view of the ice bridge formed across the Mississippi at St. Louis, which for several weeks formed a substantial roadway for teams.



THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT PROSPECT STATION, PENNSYLVANIA.—From a Sketch by E. Y. Breck.—[See Page 61.]



BLIND FANATICISM—THE GRAND INQUISITOR PETER ARBUES CONDEMNING A HERETIC FAMILY TO DEATH.—[FROM A CARTOON BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.]

BLIND FANATICISM.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A SENTIMENT of horror has spread over civilized Europe at one of the recent canonizations of the Papal Church. One of the most cruel and malignant of the Spanish inquisitors has been proclaimed a martyr and a saint, an object of worship to every faithful Romanist, and a shining example of Christian virtue. Stained with horrible crimes, the most relentless of persecutors, the tormentor of men, women, children, the old, the young, PETER ARBUES, the Grand Inquisitor of Saragossa in 1484, has been numbered by PIUS IX. among the Romish saints. His zeal for the propagation of the faith is named as the cause of this late promotion, and his death, which was the result of his frightful ardor. PETER ARBUES was appointed by TORQUEMADA Inquisitor of Saragossa. He more than equaled the hopes of his master. "In the prosecution of the examinations," we are told in the *Acta Sanctorum*, "no groans nor cries could move him; in the execution of the dreadful sentence he was turned aside neither by prayers nor tears." It was in the age when COLUMBUS was preparing to reveal a new world, and when knowledge was already teaching humanity to kings and nobles, that our modern saint was sentencing women and feeble children to the flames, was filling happy households with intolerable dread, was searching for his victims with barbarous assiduity, and trod among his fellow-citizens dripping with gore. Hated, no doubt, like TORQUEMADA, who never went unarmed—feared with more than mortal dread—the Chief Inquisitor pursued his career of bloodshed unchecked for several years, and deserved the highest approval of his ruthless Church. At last came his martyrdom, or rather the inadequate punishment for his enormous crimes. He was assassinated in the church of Saragossa by two young men, the father of one of whom he had imprisoned, and burned the sister of the other at the stake.

Such is a Roman Catholic saint and martyr! The murderer of the innocent is held up to his clergy by PIUS IX. as an example worthy of imitation, and the most horrible form of blind fanaticism receives the sanction of the infallible Pope!

In the heat of the recent contest of Germany with the papal powers, when genius, virtue, letters, patriotism, threw their shield before the historic Rhine, the hand of art was not withheld from the service of its father-land. KAULBACH resolved to produce a picture that might embody the whole meaning of the contest—that might depict to every eye the doom that must yet await his countrymen should the arms of France and the doctrines of the Vatican once more triumph over German freedom. He was not forced to seek for his subject in allegory or myth. He chose a true story—a frightful deed of blind fanaticism. He prepared a cartoon that might well be placed upon the walls of every American as well as German home. In the public square of Saragossa, before the magnificent palace of the Inquisition, stands the Grand Inquisitor, PETER ARBUES, the papal saint, about to condemn to the flames a family of heretics. Sightless, trembling with years, supported on one side by a withered monk whose countenance glows with malice, on the other by one young and fair, but whose rigid features are cruel with early bigotry, the tall, gaunt, powerful frame of the fierce priest seems to gain a new vigor as he proceeds with his fearful labors. His features are lit with a dreadful lustre—the joy of a fury or a demon. Before him kneel his victims. They are evidently persons cultivated, wealthy, and free from fault. The daughter hides her face in agony; the mother kneels with her little child; the father is lost in supplication. An old serving-woman is seen behind, ready to share the doom of the hapless family she had loved. The Inquisitor touches the head of the daughter with his staff, and pronounces the sentence of the victims. What that doom is may be seen in the background of the picture, where heretics, bound to the stake, are discovered perishing in the flames, and monks heaping fagots around the pile. Above the scene rises a crucifix; an image of the Virgin, her heart pierced with arrows, seems to weep over the spectacle. Impassive priests stand around; one is already filching the money of the condemned. Nor could blind fanaticism, the scourge of generations in Europe and America, have been more fitly represented than in KAULBACH's powerful cartoon. Youth, beauty, innocence, intelligence, the symbols of progress and mental vigor, are seen withering in the fires of odious superstition.

Can these days ever return to us? Will the blind bigotry of a cruel superstition ever renew its terrible rule in Europe and America? Scarcely two years ago KAULBACH and all Germany felt that such a danger was real and imminent. Nor do the most prudent of German statesmen and scholars now fail to see that the French war was stimulated by fanaticism, and was a crusade against freedom of thought; that it was an effort to establish a papal empire in the heart of Europe, to enforce the rule of an infallible Pope over reluctant Germany, and plant a new Inquisition in Berlin or Vienna. Recent revelations have shown that NAPOLEON was encouraged in his hopes of conquest by the traitorous aid of the Romish priests in various parts of Germany, and that the papal bishops of Mayence, Cologne, or Posen are little less bigoted and fanatical than was a PETER ARBUES or a DOMINIC. They are bound to papal Rome by ties that leave no room for patriotism or independent thought; they want only the opportunity to renew the terrors of a religious despotism. But had NAPOLEON succeeded in his design, revived the empire of CHARLEMAGNE in the centre of Europe, and reigned as the chosen son of the infallible Pope, it is easy to see what must have become of the feeble states that had revolted against the papal rule. The kingdom of Italy would have sunk without a blow at the feet of PIUS IX.; Spain must have recalled ISABELLA; the Inquisition, perhaps in a less hateful form, would have found full employment in its ancient seats, and every free school would have perished beneath the jealous tyranny of the priest.

It is the leading distinction between those two great mental parties that have existed for three hundred years that the Protestants and the liberals have long repented of every deed of persecution into which they have been led by necessity or the violence of their opponents, and have promised a gentler conduct in the future: no Protestant but laments the executions under ELIZABETH, or the fate of SERVETUS. The papal party, on the other hand, has never repented of any one of its boundless acts of persecution. Its theory is that force must be employed to produce unity of religious belief. Its recent council proclaimed the right of the Pope to destroy the enemies of his faith. Until the last moment of his inauspicious reign PIUS IX. remained the Chief Inquisitor of Europe, and persecuted with unsparing rage his trembling Romans. He still celebrates as a saint the most malignant of his predecessors. And who can doubt that if the Pope and the Jesuits had the power they would enforce the doctrine of infallibility in every land, as they once enforced it in the city of Rome? To eminent German thinkers, indeed, the danger of their native country still seems near. The recent council has organized the Romish Church into a political faction of wonderful efficiency. The principle of implicit submission, borrowed from the Jesuit institutes, has been transferred to the whole Romish clergy. Every priest and every bishop is no more than the political agent of his Italian chief, bound to him by an oath of servile obedience, the natural foe of every government that refuses submission to the papal creed. Hence Germany restrains by rigid laws the dangerous political activity of its priests; Italy confiscates their rich plunder; Switzerland and Guatemala drive out the Jesuits; France sacrifices liberty and hope to propitiate Rome; England and even America watch with alarm the secret intrigues of Italian priests, and have already suffered from their own leniency or want of care.

It is estimated that the Roman Catholics number nearly 200,000,000. As the chief governments of the time are, at least nominally, administered by a liberal suffrage, it is not difficult to see how powerful in the future will be the Roman Catholic vote. Blind fanaticism, the theme of KAULBACH, may assume a new form; but it will still prey upon youth, innocence, intelligence, unless checked by the power of knowledge. In our own country it already prepares to rule by votes. United, stern, relentless, it condemns its own adherents to barbarous ignorance, and terrifies its opponents by brutal force. It uses for its instruments depraved politicians, and corrupts the feeble purity of statesmen who live for gain. It is not many months since New York was ruled by a band of men who may best represent the tools of Romish fanaticism, since three-fourths of the aldermen and councilmen were members of that foreign Church which they have so profusely endowed from the treasury of the city. He who will study carefully the political history of our country for the past twenty years will not fail to see every where the corrupting hand of foreign fanaticism: the rapid growth of Romish ignorance, the decay of public and private morals wherever the Romish population increases. It is in vain to assert that there is no danger in the Roman Catholic vote. The chief evils under which the nation has recently suffered have come from Romish influence. Since the destruction of slavery the chief peril of the country lies in the blind fanaticism of the ignorant Romanists and their foreign rulers. America, as well as Germany, must prepare to defend itself against the natural and inevitable hostility of the Papal Church.

But to do this it will need no difficult remedy. Blind fanaticism rises into its wildest extravagance against the public school. It assaults or murders teachers, and leaves them in the schoolhouse maimed and bleeding. It rages against the free education of the people: and with reason; for whenever a thorough system of public instruction shall have been invented that leaves no child untrained and uncared for, when the community shall have properly prepared its voters for their difficult duties, the rule of blind fanaticism will cease forever.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXIX.—(*Continued.*)

BULSTRODE's heart sank again at this sign that he could get no grasp over the wretched man's mind, and that no word of Raffles could be trusted as to the fact which he most wanted to know, namely, whether or not he had really kept silence to every one in the neighborhood except Caleb Garth. The housekeeper had told him without the least constraint of manner that, since Mr. Garth left, Raffles had asked her for beer, and after that had not spoken, seeming very ill. On that side it might be concluded that there had been no betrayal. Mrs. Abel thought, like the servants at The Shrubs, that the strange man belonged to the unpleasant "kin" who are among the troubles of the rich; she had at first referred the kinship to Mr. Rigg, and where there was property left, the buzzing presence of such large blue-bottles seemed natural enough. How he could be "kin" to Bulstrode as well was not so clear, but Mrs. Abel agreed with her husband that there was "no knowing," a proposition which had a great deal of mental food for her, so that she shook her head over it without further speculation.

In less than an hour Lydgate arrived. Bulstrode met him outside the wainscoted parlor, where Raffles was, and said,

"I have called you in, Mr. Lydgate, to an unfortunate man who was once in my employment, many years ago. Afterward he went to America, and returned, I fear, to an idle, dissolute life. Being destitute, he has a claim on me. He was slightly connected with Rigg, the former owner of this place, and in consequence found his way here. I believe he is seriously ill: apparently his mind is affected. I feel bound to do the utmost for him."

Lydgate, who had the remembrance of his last conversation with Bulstrode strongly upon him, was not disposed to say an unnecessary word to him, and bowed slightly in answer to this account; but, just before entering the room, he turned automatically, and said, "What is his name?"—to know names being as much a part of the medical man's accomplishment as of the practical politician's.

"Raffles, John Raffles," said Bulstrode, who hoped that, whatever became of Raffles, Lydgate would never know any more of him.

When he had thoroughly examined and considered the patient, Lydgate ordered that he should go to bed, and be kept there in as complete quiet as possible, and then went with Bulstrode into another room.

"It is a serious case, I apprehend," said the banker, before Lydgate began to speak.

"No—and yes," said Lydgate, half dubiously. "It is difficult to decide as to the possible effect of long-standing complications; but the man had a robust constitution to begin with. I should not expect this attack to be fatal, though of course the system is in a ticklish state. He should be well watched and attended to."

"I will remain here myself," said Bulstrode. "Mrs. Abel and her husband are inexperienced. I can easily remain here for the night, if you will oblige me by taking a note for Mrs. Bulstrode."

"I should think that is hardly necessary," said Lydgate. "He seems tame and terrified enough. He might become more unmanageable. But there is a man here—is there not?"

"I have more than once staid here a few nights for the sake of seclusion," said Bulstrode, indifferently; "I am quite disposed to do so now. Mrs. Abel and her husband can relieve or aid me, if necessary."

"Very well. Then I need give my directions only to you," said Lydgate, not feeling surprised at a little peculiarity in Bulstrode.

"You think, then, that the case is hopeful?" said Bulstrode, when Lydgate had ended giving his orders.

"Unless there turn out to be further complications, such as I have not at present detected—yes," said Lydgate. "He may pass on to a worse stage; but I should not wonder if he got better in a few days, by adhering to the treatment I have prescribed. There must be firmness. Remember, if he calls for liquors of any sort, not to give them to him. In my opinion, men in his condition are oftener killed by treatment than by the disease. Still, new symptoms may arise. I shall come again to-morrow morning."

After waiting for the note to be carried to Mrs. Bulstrode, Lydgate rode away, forming no conjectures, in the first instance, about the history of Raffles, but rehearsing the whole argument, which had lately been much stirred by the publication of Dr. Ware's abundant experience in America, as to the right way of treating cases of alcoholic poisoning such as this. Lydgate, when abroad, had already been interested in this question: he was strongly convinced against the prevalent practice of allowing alcohol, and persistently administering large doses of opium; and he had repeatedly acted on this conviction with a favorable result.

"The man is in a diseased state," he thought, "but there's a good deal of wear in him still. I suppose he is an object of charity to Bulstrode. It is curious what patches of hardness and tenderness lie side by side in men's dispositions. Bulstrode seems the most unsympathetic fellow I ever saw about some people, and yet he has taken no end of trouble, and spent a great deal of money, on benevolent objects. I suppose he has some test by which he finds out whom Heaven cares for—he has made up his mind that it doesn't care for me."

This streak of bitterness came from a plenteous source, and kept widening in the current of his thought as he neared Lowick Gate. He had not been there since his first interview with Bulstrode in the morning, having been found at the Hospital by the banker's messenger; and for the first time he was returning to his home without the vision of any expedient in the background which left him a hope of raising money enough to deliver him from the coming destitution of every thing which made his married life tolerable—every thing which saved him and Rosamond from that bare isolation in which they would be forced to recognize how little of a comfort they could be to each other. It was more bearable to do without tenderness for himself than to see that his own tenderness could make no amends for the lack of other things to her. The sufferings of his own pride from humiliations past and to come were keen enough, yet they were hardly distinguishable to himself from that more acute pain which dominated them—the pain of foreseeing that Rosamond would come to regard him chiefly as the cause of disappointment and unhappiness to her. He had never liked the makeshifts of poverty, and they had never before entered into his prospects for himself; but he was beginning now to imagine how two creatures who loved each other, and had a stock of thoughts in common, might laugh over their shabby furniture, and their calculations how far they could afford butter and eggs. But the glimpse of that poetry seemed as far off from him as the carelessness of the Golden Age; in poor Rosamond's mind there was not room enough for luxuries to look small in. He got down from his horse in a very sad mood, and went into the house, not expecting to be cheered except by his dinner, and reflecting that before the evening closed it would be wise to tell Rosamond of his application to Bulstrode and its failure. It would be well not to lose time in preparing her for the worst.

But his dinner waited long for him before he was able to eat it. For on entering he found that Dover's agent had already put a man in the house; and when he asked where Mrs. Lydgate was, he was told that she was in her bedroom. He went up and found her stretched on the bed pale and silent, without an answer even in her face to any word or look of his. He sat down by the bed, and leaning over her, said, with almost a cry of prayer,

"Forgive me for this misery, my poor Rosamond! Let us only love one another."

She looked at him silently, still with the blank despair on her face; but then the tears began to fill her blue eyes, and her lip trembled. The strong man had had too much to bear that day. He let his head fall beside hers and sobbed.

He did not hinder her from going to her father early in the morning—it seemed now that he ought not to hinder her from doing as she pleased. In half an hour she came back, and said that papa and mamma wished her to go and stay with them while things were in this miserable state. Papa said he could do nothing about the debt—if he paid this, there would be half a dozen more. She had better come back home again till Lydgate had got a comfortable home for her. "Do you object, Tertius?"

"Do as you like," said Lydgate. "But things are not coming to a crisis immediately. There is no hurry."

"I should not go till to-morrow," said Rosamond; "I shall want to pack my clothes."

"Oh, I would wait a little longer than to-morrow—there is no knowing what may happen," said Lydgate, with bitter irony. "I may get my neck broken, and that may make things easier to you."

It was Lydgate's misfortune, and Rosamond's too, that his tenderness toward her, which was both an emotional prompting and a well-considered resolve, was inevitably interrupted by these outbursts of indignation, either ironical or remonstrant. She thought them totally unwarranted, and the repulsion which this exceptional severity excited in her was in danger of making the more persistent tenderness unacceptable.

"I see you do not wish me to go," she said, with chill mildness; "why can you not say so, without that kind of violence? I shall stay until you request me to do otherwise."

Lydgate said no more, but went out on his rounds. He felt bruised and shattered, and there was a dark line under his eyes which Rosamond had not seen before. She could not bear to look at him. Tertius had a way of taking things which made them a great deal worse for her.

CHAPTER LXX.

"Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

BULSTRODE's first object after Lydgate had left Stone Court was to examine Raffles's pockets, which he imagined were sure to carry signs in the shape of hotel bills of the places he had stopped in, if he had not told the truth in saying that he had come straight from Liverpool because he was ill and had no money. There were various bills crammed into his pocket-book, but none of a later date than Christmas at any place, except one, which bore date that morning. This was crumpled up with a handbill about a horse-fair in one of his tail-pockets, and represented the cost of three days' stay at an inn at Bilkley, where the fair was held—a town at least forty miles from Middlemarch. The bill was heavy, and since Raffles had no luggage with him, it seemed probable that he had left his portmanteau behind in payment, in order to save money for his traveling fare; for his purse was empty, and he had only a couple of sixpences and some loose pence in his pockets.

Bulstrode gathered a sense of safety from these indications that Raffles had really kept at a distance from Middlemarch since his memorable visit at Christmas. At a distance, and among people who were strangers to Bulstrode, what satisfaction could there be to Raffles's tormenting, self-magnifying vein in telling old scandalous stories about a Middlemarch banker? And what harm if he did talk? The chief point now was to keep watch over him as long as there was any danger of that intelligible raving, that unaccountable impulse to tell, which seemed to have acted toward Caleb Garth; and Bulstrode felt much anxiety lest some such impulse should come over him at the sight of Lydgate. He sat up alone with him through the night, only ordering the housekeeper to lie down in her clothes, so as to be ready when he called her, alleging his own indisposition to sleep, and his anxiety to carry out the doctor's orders. He did carry them out faithfully, although Raffles was incessantly asking for brandy, and declaring that he was sinking away—that the earth was sinking away from under him. He was restless and sleepless, but still quailing and manageable. On the offer of the food ordered by Lydgate, which he refused, and the denial of other things which he demanded, he seemed to concentrate all his terror on Bulstrode, imploringly deprecating his anger, his revenge on him by starvation, and declaring with strong oaths that he had never told any mortal a word against him. Even this Bulstrode felt that he would not have liked Lydgate to hear; but a more alarming sign of fitful alternation in his delirium was, that in the morning twilight Raffles suddenly seemed to imagine a doctor present, addressing him, and declaring that Bulstrode wanted to starve him to death out of revenge for telling, when he never had told.

Bulstrode's native imperiousness and strength of determination served him well. This delicate-looking man, himself nervously perturbed, found the needed stimulus in his strenuous circumstances, and through that difficult night and morning, while he had the air of an animated corpse returned to movement without warmth, holding the mastery by its chill impassibility, his mind was intensely at work thinking of what he had to guard against, and what would win him security. Whatever prayers he might lift up, whatever statements he might inwardly make of this man's wretched spiritual condition, and the duty he himself was under to submit to the punishment divinely appointed for him rather than to wish for evil to another—through all this effort to condense words into a solid mental state, there pierced and spread with irresistible vividness the images of the events he desired. And in the train of those images came their apology. He could not but see the death of Raffles, and see in it his own deliverance. What was the removal of this wretched creature? He was impenitent—but were not public criminals impenitent?—yet the law decided on their fate. Should Providence in this case award death, there was no sin in contemplating death as the desirable issue—if he kept his hands from hastening it—if he scrupulously did what was prescribed. Even here there might be a mistake: human prescriptions were fallible things: Lydgate had said that treatment had hastened death—why not his own method of treatment? But of course intention was every thing in the question of right and wrong.

And Bulstrode set himself to keep his intention separate from his desire. He inwardly declared that he intended to obey orders. Why should he have got into any argument about the validity of these orders? It was only the common trick of desire—which avails itself of any irrelevant skepticism, finding larger room for itself in all uncertainty about effects, in every obscurity that looks like the absence of law. Still, he did obey the orders.

His anxieties continually glanced toward Lydgate, and his remembrance of what had taken place between them the morning before was accompanied with sensibilities which had not been roused at all during the actual scene. He had then cared but little about Lydgate's painful impressions with regard to the suggested change in the Hospital, or about the disposition toward himself which what he held to be his justifiable refusal of a rather exorbitant request might call forth. He recurred to the scene now with a perception that he had probably made Lydgate his enemy, and with an awakened desire to propitiate him, or rather to create in him a strong sense of personal obligation. He regretted that he had not at once made even an unreasonable money sacrifice. For in case of unpleasant suspicions, or even knowledge gathered from the raving of Raffles, Bulstrode would have felt that he had a defense in Lydgate's mind of having conferred a momentous benefit on him. But the regret had perhaps come too late.

Strange, piteous conflict in the soul of this unhappy man, who had longed for years to be better than he was—who had taken his selfish passions into discipline and clad them in severe robes, so that he had walked with them as a devout choir, till now that a terror had risen among them, and they could chant no longer, but threw out their common cries for safety.

It was nearly the middle of the day before Lydgate arrived: he meant to come earlier, but had been detained, he said; and his shattered looks were noticed by Bulstrode. But he immediately threw himself into the consideration of the patient, and inquired strictly into all that had occurred. Raffles was worse, would take hardly any food, was persistently wakeful and restlessly raving; but still not violent. Contrary to Bulstrode's alarmed expectation, he took little notice of Lydgate's presence, and continued to talk or murmur incoherently.

"What do you think of him?" said Bulstrode, in private.

"The symptoms are worse."

"You are less hopeful?"

"No; I still think he may come round. Are you going to stay here yourself?" said Lydgate, looking at Bulstrode with an abrupt question, which made him uneasy, though in reality it was not due to any suspicious conjecture.

"Yes, I think so," said Bulstrode, governing himself and speaking with deliberation. "Mrs. Bulstrode is advised of the reasons which detain me. Mrs. Abel and her husband are not experienced enough to be left quite alone, and this kind of responsibility is scarcely included in their service of me. You have some fresh instructions, I presume."

The chief new instruction that Lydgate had to give was on the administration of extremely moderate doses of opium, in case of the sleeplessness continuing after several hours. He had taken the precaution of bringing opium in his pocket, and he gave minute directions to Bulstrode as to the doses, and the point at which they should cease. He insisted on the risk of not ceasing; and repeated his order that no alcohol should be given.

"From what I see of the case," he ended, "narcotism is the only thing I should be much afraid of. He may wear through even without much food. There's a good deal of strength in him."

"You look ill yourself, Mr. Lydgate—a most unusual, I may say unprecedented thing in my knowledge of you," said Bulstrode, showing a solicitude as unlike his indifference the day before, as his present recklessness about his own fatigue was unlike his habitual self-cherishing anxiety. "I fear you are harassed."

"Yes, I am," said Lydgate, brusquely, holding his hat, and ready to go.

"Something new, I fear," said Bulstrode, inquiringly. "Pray be seated."

"No, thank you," said Lydgate, with some *hauteur*. "I mentioned to you yesterday what was the state of my affairs. There is nothing to add, except that the execution has since then been actually put into my house. One can tell a good deal of trouble in a short sentence. I will say good-morning."

"Stay, Mr. Lydgate, stay," said Bulstrode; "I have been reconsidering this subject. I was yesterday taken by surprise, and saw it superficially. Mrs. Bulstrode is anxious for her niece, and I myself should grieve at a calamitous change in your position. Claims on me are numerous, but, on reconsideration, I esteem it right that I should incur a small sacrifice rather than leave you unaided. You said, I think, that a thousand pounds would suffice entirely to free you from your burdens, and enable you to recover a firm stand?"

"Yes," said Lydgate, a great leap of joy within him surmounting every other feeling; "that would pay all my debts, and leave me a little on hand. I could set about economizing in our way of living. And by-and-by my practice might look up."

"If you will wait a moment, Mr. Lydgate, I will draw a check to that amount. I am aware that help, to be effectual in these cases, should be thorough."

While Bulstrode wrote, Lydgate turned to the window thinking of his home—thinking of his life with its good start saved from frustration, its good purposes still unbroken.

"You can give me a note of hand for this, Mr. Lydgate," said the banker, advancing toward him with the check. "And by-and-by, I hope, you may be in circumstances gradually to repay me. Meanwhile, I have pleasure in thinking that you will be released from further difficulty."

"I am deeply obliged to you," said Lydgate. "You have restored to me the prospect of working with some happiness and some chance of good."

It appeared to him a very natural movement in Bulstrode that he should have reconsidered his refusal: it corresponded with the more munificent side of his character. But as he put his hack into a canter, that he might get the sooner home and tell the good news to Rosamond, and get cash at the bank to pay over to Dover's agent, there crossed his mind, with an unpleasant impression, as from a dark-winged flight of evil augury across his vision, the thought of that contrast in himself which a few months had brought—that he should be overjoyed at being under a strong personal obligation—that he should be overjoyed at getting money for himself from Bulstrode.

The banker felt that he had done something to nullify one cause of uneasiness, and yet he was scarcely the easier. He did not measure the quantity of diseased motive which had made him wish for Lydgate's good-will, but the quantity was none the less actively there, like an irritating agent in his blood. A man vows, and yet will not cast away the means of breaking his vow. Is it that he distinctly means to break it? Not at all; but the desires which tend to break it are at work in him dimly, and make their way into his imagination, and relax his muscles in the very moments when he is telling himself over again the reasons for his vow. Raffles, recovering quickly, returning to the free use of his odious powers—how could Bulstrode wish for that? Raffles dead was the image that brought release, and indirectly he prayed for that way of release, beseeching that, if it were possible, the rest of his days here below might be freed from the threat of an ignominy which would break him utterly as an instrument of God's service. Lydgate's opinion was not on the side of promise that this prayer would be fulfilled; and as the day advanced, Bulstrode felt himself getting irritated at the persistent life in this man, whom he would fain have seen sinking into the silence of death: imperious will stirred murderous impulses toward this brute life, over which will, by itself, had no power. He said inwardly that he was getting too much worn; he would not sit up with the patient to-night, but leave him to Mrs. Abel, who, if necessary, could call her husband.

At six o'clock, Raffles, having had only fitful, perturbed snatches of sleep, from which he waked with fresh restlessness and perpetual cries that he was sinking away, Bulstrode began to administer the opium according to Lydgate's directions. At the end of half an hour or more he called Mrs. Abel, and told her that he found himself unfit for further watching. He must now consign the patient to her care; and he proceeded to repeat to her Lydgate's directions as to the quantity of each dose. Mrs. Abel had not before known any thing of Lydgate's prescriptions; she had simply prepared and brought whatever Bulstrode ordered, and had done what he pointed out to her. She began now to ask what else she should do besides administering the opium.

"Nothing at present, except the offer of the soup or the soda-water: you can come to me for further directions. Unless there is any important change, I shall not come into the room again to-night. You will ask your husband for help, if necessary. I must go to bed early."

"You've much need, Sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Abel, "and to take something more strengthening than what you've done."

Bulstrode went away now without anxiety as to what Raffles might say in his raving, which had taken on a muttering incoherence not likely to create any dangerous belief. At any rate he must risk this. He went down into the wainscoted parlor first, and began to consider whether he would not have his horse saddled and go home by the moonlight, and give up caring for earthly consequences. Then he wished that he had begged Lydgate to come again that evening. Perhaps he might deliver a different opinion, and think that Raffles was getting into a less hopeful state. Should he send for Lydgate? If Raffles were really getting worse, and slowly dying, Bulstrode felt that he could go to bed and sleep in gratitude to Providence. But was he worse? Lydgate might come and simply say that he was going on as he expected, and predict that he would by-and-by fall into a good sleep, and get well. What was the use of sending for him? Bulstrode shrank from that result. No ideas or opinions could hinder him from seeing the one probability to be, that Raffles recovered would be just the same man as before, with his strength as a tormentor renewed, obliging him to drag away his wife to spend her years apart from her friends and native place, carrying an alienating suspicion against him in her heart.

He had sat an hour and a half in this conflict by the fire-light only, when a sudden thought made him rise and light the bed-candle, which he had brought down with him. The thought was, that he had not told Mrs. Abel when the doses of opium must cease

He took hold of the candlestick, but stood motionless for a long while. She might already have given him more than Lydgate had prescribed. But it was excusable in him, that he should forget part of an order, in his present wearied condition. He walked up stairs, candle in hand, not knowing whether he should straightway enter his own room and go to bed, or turn to the patient's room and rectify his omission. He paused in the passage, with his face turned toward Raffles's room, and he could hear him moaning and murmuring. He was not asleep, then. Who could know that Lydgate's prescription would not be better disobeyed than followed, since there was still no sleep?

He turned into his own room. Before he had quite undressed, Mrs. Abel rapped at the door; he opened it an inch, so that he could hear her speak low.

"If you please, Sir, should I have no brandy nor nothing to give the poor creetur? He feels sinking away, and nothing else will he swaller—and but little strength in it, if he did—only the opium. And he says more and more he's sinking down through the earth."

To her surprise, Mr. Bulstrode did not answer. A struggle was going on within him.

"I think he must die for want o' support, if he goes on in that way. When I nursed my poor master, Mr. Robisson, I had to give him port-wine and brandy constant, and a big glass at a time," added Mrs. Abel, with a touch of remonstrance in her tone.

But again Mr. Bulstrode did not answer immediately, and she continued, "It's not a time to spare when people are at death's door, nor would you wish it, Sir, I'm sure. Else I should give him our own bottle o' rum as we keep by us. But a sitter-up so as you've been, and doing every thing as laid in your power—"

Here a key was thrust through the inch of doorway, and Mr. Bulstrode said, huskily, "That is the key of the wine-cooler. You will find plenty of brandy there."

Early in the morning—about six—Mr. Bulstrode rose and spent some time in prayer. Does any one suppose that private prayer is necessarily candid—necessarily goes to the roots of action? Private prayer is inaudible speech, and speech is representative; who can represent himself just as he is, even in his own reflections? Bulstrode had not yet unraveled in his thought the confused promptings of the last four-and-twenty hours.

He listened in the passage, and could hear hard stertorous breathing. Then he walked out in the garden, and looked at the early rime on the grass and fresh spring leaves. When he re-entered the house, he felt startled at the sight of Mrs. Abel.

"How is your patient—asleep, I think?" he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness in his tone.

"He's gone very deep, Sir," said Mrs. Abel. "He went off gradual between three and four o'clock. Would you please to go and look at him? I thought it no harm to leave him. My man's gone afield, and the little girl's seeing to the kettles."

Bulstrode went up. At a glance he knew that Raffles was not in the sleep which brings revival, but in the sleep which streams deeper and deeper into the gulf of death.

He looked round the room and saw a bottle with some brandy in it, and the almost empty opium phial. He put the phial out of sight, and carried the brandy-bottle down stairs with him, locking it again in the wine-cooler.

While breakfasting, he considered whether he should ride to Middlemarch at once, or wait for Lydgate's arrival. He decided to wait, and told Mrs. Abel that she might go about her work—he would watch in the bed-chamber.

As he sat there and beheld the enemy of his peace going irrevocably into silence, he felt more at rest than he had done for many months. His conscience was soothed by the enfolding wing of secrecy, which seemed just then like an angel sent down for his relief. He drew out his pocket-book to review various memoranda there as to the arrangements he had projected and partly carried out in the prospect of quitting Middlemarch, and considered how far he would let them stand or recall them, now that his absence would be brief. Some economies which he felt desirable might still find a suitable occasion in his temporary withdrawal from management, and he hoped still that Mrs. Casaubon would take a large share in the expenses of the Hospital. In that way the moments passed, until a change in the stertorous breathing was marked enough to draw his attention wholly to the bed, and forced him to think of the departing life, which had once been subservient to his own—which he had once been glad to find base enough for him to act on as he would. It was his gladness then which impelled him now to be glad that the life was at an end.

And who could say that the death of Raffles had been hastened? Who knew what would have saved him?

Lydgate arrived at half past ten, in time to witness the final pause of the breath. When he entered the room Bulstrode observed a sudden expression in his face, which was not so much surprise as a recognition that he had not judged correctly. He stood by the bed in silence for some time, with his eyes turned on the dying man, but with that subdued activity of expression which showed that he was carrying on an inward debate.

"When did this change begin?" said he, looking at Bulstrode.

"I did not watch by him last night," said Bulstrode. "I was overworn, and left him under Mrs. Abel's care. She said that he sank into sleep between three and four o'clock. When I came in before eight he was nearly in this condition."

Lydgate did not ask another question, but watched in silence until he said, "It's all over."

This morning Lydgate was in a state of recovered hope and freedom. He had set out on his work with all his old animation, and felt himself strong enough to bear all the deficiencies of his married life. And he was conscious that Bulstrode had been a benefactor to him. But he was uneasy about this case. He had not expected it to terminate as it had done. Yet he hardly knew how to put a question on the subject to Bulstrode without appearing to insult him; and if he examined the housekeeper—why, the man was dead. There seemed to be no use in implying that somebody's ignorance or imprudence had killed him. And after all, he himself might be wrong.

He and Bulstrode rode back to Middlemarch together, talking of many things—chiefly cholera and the chances of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, and the firm resolve of the Political Unions. Nothing was said about Raffles, except that Bulstrode mentioned the necessity of having a grave for him in Lowick church-yard, and observed that, so far as he knew, the poor man had no connections, except Rigg, whom he had stated to be unfriendly toward him.

On returning home, Lydgate had a visit from Mr. Farebrother. The Vicar had not been in the town the day before, but the news that there was an execution in Lydgate's house had got to Lowick by the evening, having been carried by Mr. Spicer, shoe-maker and parish clerk, who had it from his brother, the respectable bell-hanger in Lowick Gate. Since that evening when Lydgate had come down from the billiard-room with Fred Vincy, Mr. Farebrother's thoughts about him had been rather gloomy. Playing at the Green Dragon once or oftener might have been a trifle in another man; but in Lydgate it was one of several signs that he was getting unlike his former self. He was beginning to do things for which he had formerly even an excessive scorn. Whatever certain dissatisfactions in marriage, which some silly tinklings of gossip had given him hints of, might have to do with this change, Mr. Farebrother felt sure that it was chiefly connected with the debts which were being more and more distinctly reported, and he began to fear that any notion of Lydgate's having resources or friends in the background must be quite illusory. The rebuff he had met with in his first attempt to win Lydgate's confidence disinclined him to a second; but this news of the execution being actually in the house, determined the Vicar to overcome his reluctance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"MAN wants but little here below, nor wants that little long," is a libel, Josh Billings asserts. "Man wants every thing he can see or hear ov, and never is willing to let go of hiz grab. Whenever yu find a man who is thoroughly satisfied with what he haz got, yu will find either an ideot, or one who haz tried hard to get some more and couldn't do it. The older a man grows the more wantful he bekums; as hiz hold on life slackens, hiz pinch on a dollar grows grippy."

Said a conceited young lady, "You men are a *covetus set*."

"Wife," said a man, looking for his razor-case, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

Wedding-cards in Denver consist of the "jack of diamonds" and "queen of hearts," with the names of the contracting parties on each. If the bride's mother is living, the "ten of clubs" is also inclosed.

A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of darkies laboring on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one why that ball was chained to his leg. "To keep people from stealing it," said the darky; "heap of thieves about here."

A well-known preacher being seen in the streets of New York in a Shaker garb, was asked by a friend, "What in the world sent you into that community?" The reply was, "Three good meals a day and plenty of warm clothing are not to be sneezed at."

At a school where words were "given out" for subjects in composition, a "mute inglorious Milton" produced at sight this sentence on the word "panegyric:" "A few drops of panegyric, given on a large lump of sugar, is often best for an infant with the stomach-ache."

When is a bow not a bow?—When it is a bow-knot.

"Your behavior is most singular, Sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all," said he, "I will soon make it plural."

VISITOR. "How long has your master been away?"
IRISH FOOTMAN. "Well, Sorr, if he'd come home yistherday, he'd been gone a wake to-morrow; but ev he doesn't return the day afther, shure he'll 'a been away a fortnight next Thorsday."

Hood, the humorist, was once enumerating the various professional merits of Power, the actor; having done so, he concluded with the comment, "It never rains but it powers."

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked him how he was. "Well," said he, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

An engagement was broken off by a young man about town for the following cogent reason: "You know a cigar-case is a fearful nuisance, and I always carry my cigars loose in my waistcoat pocket. The necessary amount of affection toward Molly was very hard on 'em. Never came away from that house but every one of 'em was smashed. Couldn't expect a fellow to waste good tobacco that way, could you?"

Sunday is the strongest day, because all the others are week-days; yet, if it is the strongest, why is it so often broken?

An Englishman and a German were traveling together in a diligence, and both smoking. The German did all in his power to draw his companion into conversation, but to no purpose; at one moment he would, with a superabundance of politeness, apologize for drawing his attention to the fact that the ash of his cigar had fallen on his waistcoat, or a spark was endangering his neckerchief. At length the Englishman exclaimed, "Why the dickens can't you leave me alone? Your coat tail has been burning for the last ten minutes, but I didn't bother you about it."

Young ladies who lace themselves too tightly when dressing for dinner evidently prefer *grace before meat*.

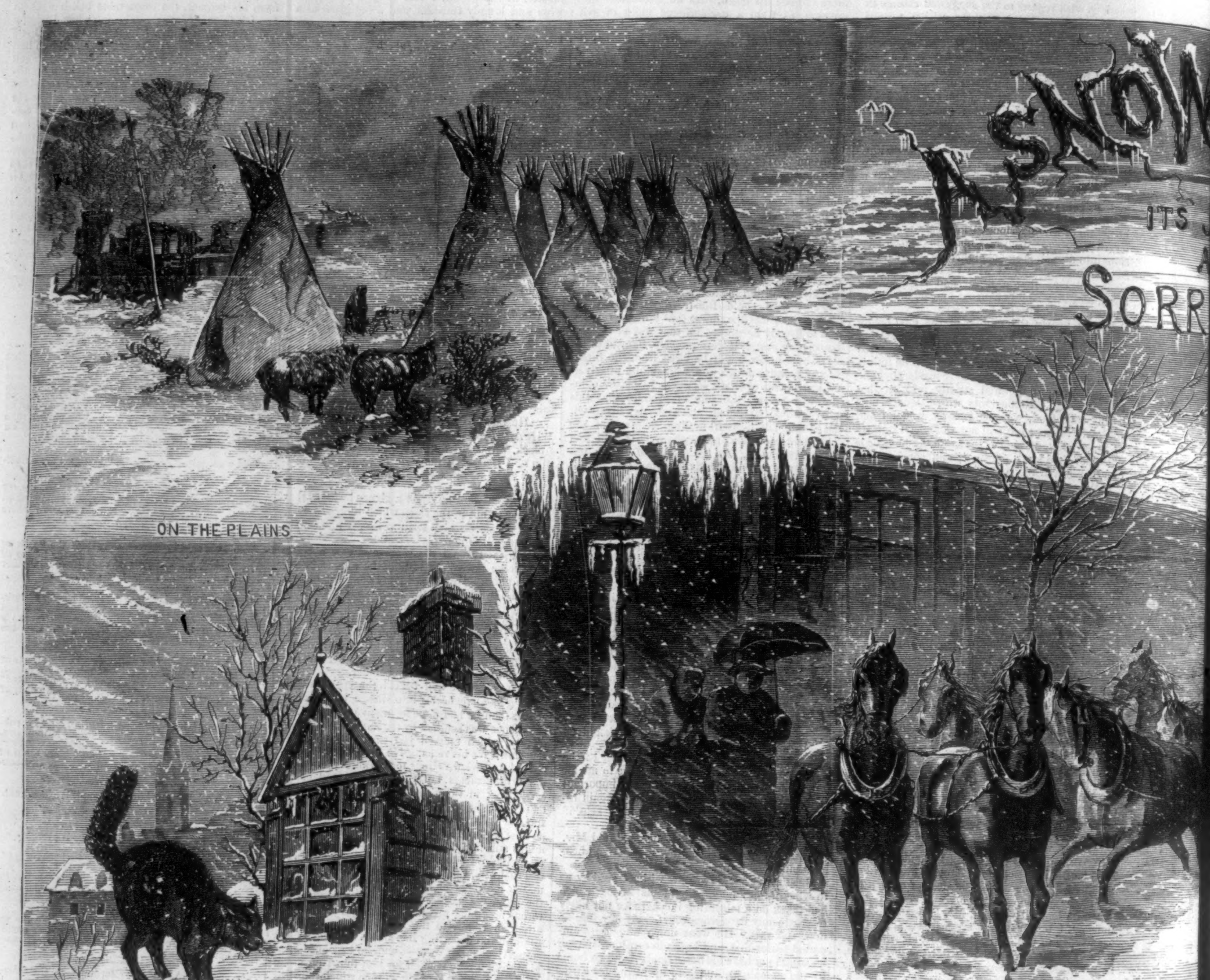
A celebrated singer, Madame Le Rochois, was giving to a younger companion in art some instructions in the tragic character of Medea, which she was about to sustain. "Inspire yourself with the situation," said she; "fancy yourself in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored, what would you do?" The reply was as unexpected as it was ingenuous: "I should look out for another."

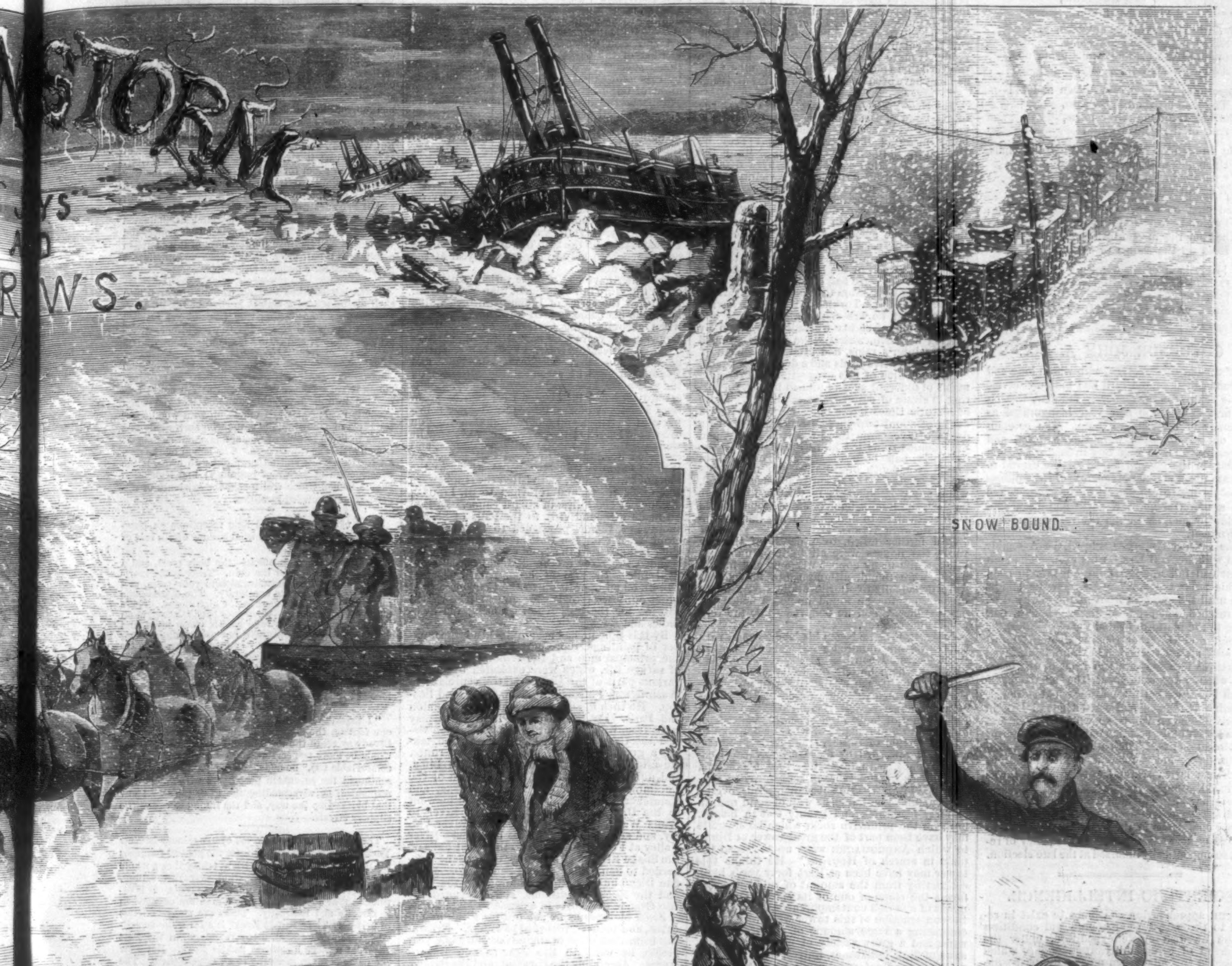
When Neil Gow was asked what was the test of a violin player, he is said to have answered, "A man is a player when he can gar himsel' greet wi' his fiddle."

When you have lost money in the streets, every one is ready to help you to look for it; but when you have lost your character, every one leaves you to recover it as you can.

A Scotch boy interrogated his mother as follows: "Mither, will we hae tea tae our breakfast the morn?" "Ay, laddie, if we're spared." "And if we're no spared, mither, will we only hae parritch?"

Dean Alford tells of a Scotch lad in a military school who went up with a drawing of Venice, which he had just finished, to show it to the master. Observing that he had printed the name under it with two "n's" ("Vennice"), the master said, "Don't you know that there's only one '*hen*' in 'Venice?'" "Only one hen in Venice!" exclaimed young Sandy, with astonishment; "I'm thinking they'll no hae mony eggs, then."


A SNOW
ITS J
A
SORR
ON THE PLAINS
A LONELY WANDERER
THEY ENJOY IT
AFTER NEW-YEARS CALLS
SNOW IN BROADWAY


STORM
YS
AD
RWS.
STREET RAILROAD.
SNOW BOUND.
IMPUNITY.
A SHOVEL FULL.
PLEASURE.

THE QUEST.

It was a heavenly time of life
  When first I went to Spain,
The lovely land of silver mists,
  The land of golden grain.

My little ship through unknown seas
  Sailed many a changing day.
Sometimes the chilling winds came up
  And blew across her way.

Sometimes the rain came down and hid
  The shining shores of Spain,
The beauty of the silver mists,
  And of the golden grain.

But through the rains, and through the winds,
  Upon the untried sea,
My fairy ship sailed on and on
  With all my dreams and me.

And now, no more a child, I long
  For that sweet time again,
When on the far horizon bar
  Rose up the shores of Spain.

O lovely land of silver mists!
  O land of golden grain!
I look for you with smiles, with tears,
  But look for you in vain!

GOVERNOR JOHN A. DIX.

General John A. Dix, with whose long and eminent career in the civil and military service of the country every reader is familiar, was on the first day of the new year inaugurated as Governor of the Empire State. The ceremonies on this occasion were simple, brief, and impressive. There was very little display, and nothing in the general aspect of the capital to indicate that the Chief Magistrate of five millions of people had given place to his successor, and that a powerful political party had been supplanted by another in the control of the State government.

The retiring Governor entered the Assembly room with General Dix on his arm. The staff of each in full uniform followed, arm in arm. In this order the party walked up the middle aisle until the space in front of the clerk's desk was reached, when they separated, General Dix going to the platform behind the clerk's desk by the left, and Governor Hoffman by the right. The staff officers, twenty-eight in number, ranged themselves in a semicircle in front of the desk, and when, after a moment, the slight bustle which had attended the entrance had subsided, Governor Hoffman addressed General Dix in a few well-chosen words, to which the General made a brief reply, alluding only in general terms to political affairs. The oath of office was then administered, and the ceremony of installation, which had lasted scarcely twenty minutes, was concluded.

Governor Dix, of whom we give a portrait on our first page, enters upon his term of office with the full confidence of the people that he will, to the best of his ability, carry out the policy of reform so emphatically indorsed at the late election.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Much apprehension continues to exist in regard to the actual whereabouts and condition of the Swedish arctic expedition, under the command of Professor Nordenskjöld, which proceeded to Spitzbergen during the past summer. This, as already mentioned, consisted of two steamers and a sailing vessel; and the whole were known to have reached Green Harbor, on the west coast of Spitzbergen, on the 4th of August. On the 1st of September the steamer *Polhem*, with the sailing vessel in tow, started to pass Hinlopen Sound, the other steamer, the *Onkel Adam*, following two days later. The *Polhem* was the only vessel expected to winter at Parry Island, the other two vessels intending to return as soon as they had escorted their companions to their anchoring ground. But as at the end of October nothing had been heard of the two tenders, it was feared that they, with a fleet of Norwegian vessels, had been stopped somewhere in the ice, and it was thought they had not a sufficient amount of provisions to keep them through the winter. The Norwegian government accordingly determined to send an arctic steamer to search for the lost vessels; and the *Albert*, of the Norwegian navy, left on the 10th of November for the succor of the expedition, though it is feared she will be unable to penetrate the ice.

It is by no means certain that the Norwegian sealing vessels are with Professor Nordenskjöld's expedition; but it is thought that neither party has provisions enough to last till March or April, in which case there is great danger of their freezing or starving to death.

The Arctic Committee of the Council of the Geographical Society of London has, it is understood, come to a conclusion in reference to the scene of labor of the proposed British expedition for arctic exploration. They premise that any proper scale of arctic discovery must embrace three essential points: the certainty of exploring an unknown area of great extent; the probability of valuable discoveries in various branches of science; and reasonable certainty of a safe return. As these can only be secured where a coast line of great extent is known to exist, the region specially indicated is along the northern side of Greenland and Smith's Sound. Various scientific societies in London have been invited to prepare instructions and memoranda for best serving the interests of which they are the representatives respectively, and it is understood that her Majesty's government is waiting to receive a deputation which shall lay the whole matter before it.

A paper read by Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, upon certain Assyrian tablets containing the text of the deluge, and belonging to a period 668 years before Christ, has caused great interest among archæologists. The tablets themselves date from the reign of Assurbanipal, and are copies of more ancient tablets, supposed to be of the date of 1600 B.C. This forms part of a series of legends belonging to the reign of a king of the name of Izdubar. This personage is supposed to have had an interview with a being called Sisit, who, in answer to a question from Izdubar, relates the story of the flood. This narrative is strikingly similar to that of the Noachian deluge; so close, indeed, as to render it more than probable that we have here the veritable tradition of that catastrophe, such as must have been handed down by its survivors.

The New York *Herald* devotes an entire page of its issue of December 21 to an interesting and instructive account of the excavation now being made in the site of ancient Troy by Dr. Henry Schleimann. The interest of the article in question is enhanced by a detailed map representing Troy and its vicinity. Dr. Schleimann remarks that as early as 1868 he commenced his excavations on the heights of Bunarbashi, between the village and the Scamander, not so much in expectation of finding the site of the ancient city as to show conclusively that it was situated elsewhere; but it was not till the beginning of October, 1871, that he commenced work in the locality assumed to be the correct one. He had considerable difficulty in obtaining permission to make the excavation; but the aid of the Turkish government having been invoked, he was enabled to proceed; and with the aid of eighty workmen he began by digging a trench, which, when he was stopped by the winter's rains, had attained a length of about seventy-five yards and a depth of thirteen.

In the course of this excavation he found remains of different ages of human history, occurring in strata of comparative regularity. Those of historic times never extended lower than a depth of about two yards. But from this to a depth of five yards there were no stones, and the calcined ruins led him to infer that all the buildings had been of wood. The remains found at a depth of from five to nine yards were characterized by an entire absence of metal, while stone implements of various kinds, fine pottery, and houses built of small stones united with earth were to him an evidence that the inhabitants were Aryans.

Still farther down, to a depth of thirteen yards, the houses were all built of unburned brick, while many copper weapons and instruments were found, although the implements were principally of diorite stone. At a depth of eleven yards he found immense masses of large stones, which he believed to be the veritable ruins of Troy.

In April, 1872, he began his labors again, with a force of one hundred men, which was afterward increased considerably, operations being resumed where he left off the preceding season, and the trench was sunk down to the native rock, which was here found at a depth of about eighteen yards. Having passed through the stratum of large stones before referred to, he began to find remains of what he believed to be the temple of Minerva; and his perseverance was rewarded by discovering various engraved slabs, with finely inscribed characters, as well as several articles of sculpture of greater or less interest. He subsequently discovered the remains of an immense wall of solid masonry forty feet thick and twenty feet in height, built on the primitive rock, which he suggests may have been part of the great tower of Ilium, to which Andromache went up to "scan the plain in search of Hector." He thinks this tower may have been at least forty yards high, estimating from the amount of rubbish which forms the slope of one of its sides. Other remains of a period contemporaneous with that of the construction of this tower were very varied, embracing a large amount of pottery, copper nails, and a great variety of flint implements, saws of flint, millstones, knives, etc.

Our space does not permit us to repeat the details of this article, all of which are of great interest. We presume that the work will be continued, and that ultimately an elaborate report, somewhat like that of Layard upon Nineveh, will be presented to the public.

Professor Wyman calls attention to the similarity between the St. Johns River, of Florida, and the Nile, in respect to an annual overflow of the reservoirs at the head waters, and a consequent rise of the stream lower down. By reference to the rain chart recently published by the Smithsonian Institution, it will be found that during the summer season the head waters of the St. Johns are in the region of maximum rain-fall, embracing as they do numerous large lakes and swamps, which become filled, and occasionally produce quite a flood. The effect is to cause the stream to push beyond its bounds, and flow far and wide over the adjacent country.

In this fact we have an explanation of the numerous Indian mounds along the St. Johns, erected evidently not for burial purposes, but simply consisting of scrapings from the adjacent river, including shells, etc., heaped up to serve as an island in the event of the floods in question. The lower layers of shells in the mounds, according to Professor Wyman, being situated directly on the river-bank, are filled with river mud, the whole thrown loosely together.

The *Catalogue of Scientific Papers* in the transactions of societies and periodicals, undertaken fourteen years ago for the Royal Society of London, mainly in consequence of a suggestion by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian, has now been completed by the publication of the sixth and concluding quarto volume. The first series brings the subject down to 1863; and it is understood that the society is now collecting material for another decade, which is to end in 1873.

In 1842 a great work upon North American reptiles was published by Dr. Holbrook, of Charleston, filling five quarto volumes, and occupying the same rank in herpetology as the publications of Audubon in mammalogy and ornithology. The learned author was quite well satisfied that nearly all the American reptiles were embraced in his work, and that the labor of future specialists in this department would be mainly confined to determining their geographical distribution. Of serpents he enumerates 16 genera and 47 species; of lizards, 10 genera and 14 species; of turtles, 6 genera and 24 species; and of amphibia, 13 genera and 56 species, or a total of 45 genera and 141 species. In 1853 the Smithsonian Institution published a work prepared by Professor Baird and his associate, Charles Girard, on the North American serpents in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, in which 35 genera and 119 species are described. Some of these proved to be geographical races, or varieties of other more definite forms; but the greater number of the species indicated as new hold their place in the systems, and the memoir is still an approved manual of the subject. Since that time additional species have been published (principally by Professor Cope), and at present the enumeration of our serpents stands at 45 genera and 176 species (of which 5 genera and 22 species are venomous), all belonging to the United States, and occurring north of its southern boundary, being 35 species more than the aggregate of all the reptiles and amphibians given by Holbrook.

Mr. George Catlin, so well known as an explorer among the aboriginal tribes of America, both North and South, died in Jersey City on the 23d of December last, after a lingering and painful illness, caused by an attack of Bright's disease. Mr. Catlin was born at Wyoming, Pennsylvania, on the 26th of July, 1796, and was consequently in his seventy-seventh year at the time of his death.

Few men have had a more varied experience and a life more full of incident than Mr. Catlin. He began the series of Indian paintings which has made his name so well known every where when accompanying Governor Clark, of St. Louis, in the years 1830 and 1831, while he was engaged in making treaties with the Winnebagoes, Menomonies, Shawnees, and Sacs and Foxes. In 1832 he ascended the Missouri on the steamer *Yellow Stone* to Fort Union, and afterward returned in a canoe with two companions, a distance of 2000 miles, visiting and painting all the tribes, so numerous at that time on the whole length of the river. The next year he went up the Platte as far as Fort Laramie, and extended his journey to Great Salt Lake. In 1834 he explored the Mississippi, as far as the Falls of St. Anthony, and visited the Ojibbeways and other tribes, and returned to St. Louis, a distance of 900 miles, in a bark canoe. In 1835 he made a second visit to the Falls of St. Anthony, and thence proceeded to the red pipestone region on the Coteau des Prairies, and then returning to the Falls of St. Anthony, descended the river a second time in a canoe to St. Louis. In 1836 he accompanied Colonel Dodge on an expedition to the Camanches and other Southwestern tribes; and in 1837 visited Florida for the purpose of painting the Seminoles and Euchees.

By this time he had accumulated a large number of paintings, representing the portraits of the principal men and the tribes, and pictures of savage life, which were exhibited by him in various parts of the United States, especially in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He then opened his collections in London and Paris. He was occupied in their display until 1852, when he went to Venezuela, and visited the Oronoco, Amazon, and Essequibo, taking a great number of pictures on his route. He afterward crossed the continent to Lima, and going northward visited the mouth of the Columbia River, Nootka Sound, Alaska, and Kamtchatka. From Vancouver Island he went to the Dalles, and up the Columbia River to Walla Walla, thence to the Salmon River Valley, and across the mountains into Snake River Valley at Fort Hall, thence to the Great Falls of the Snake River, and returning to Portland, proceeded to San Francisco and San Diego. From San Diego he crossed the Colorado of the West and the Rocky Mountains, and descended the Rio Grande del Norte in a canoe to Matamoras.

From Matamoras he set out for Sisal, in Yucatan, and thence proceeded to Havre. Returning from that place in the fall of the same year (1855), he went to Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres. Ascending the Paraguay and the Parana, he crossed the "Entre Rios" Mountains to the head waters of the Uruguay, which he descended to the mouth of the Rio Negro, and returned again to Buenos Ayres. From this place in 1856 he took passage in a sailing vessel, coasting the whole length of Patagonia, and then north to Panama; thence to Chagres, to Caracas in Venezuela, to Santa Martha, and Maracaibo. Our record of his movements after this period is incomplete, although it is probable that this closed his active explorations, as he soon went back to Europe, and there spent the greater part of the interval, until within a year or two, with various vicissitudes of fortune, when he returned to this country. Continually accumulating paintings in all his expeditions, their aggregate was very great, and on opening an exhibition of the greater part of them in the museum of the Smithsonian Institution in the winter of 1871 and 1872, they attracted great attention from visitors. They are now boxed up in that institution, awaiting a farther disposition. Mr. Catlin's object in bringing them to Washington was to secure an appropriation from Congress for their purchase, this to include the remainder of his collection, which is now in Philadelphia.

The paintings of Mr. Catlin, although far from being unexceptionable as works of art, are of very great value as ethnological representations; and it is very much to be hoped that some measures may be taken to get the entire collection together where it can be permanently preserved and studied. As may be imagined from the record of his journeys, and the remote period of time at which many of them were taken, the opportunity will never again be furnished for gathering similar material. Especially in view of the fact that by far the greater number of the North American tribes included in his representations have either become exterminated or have changed their habits of life, the interest and value of Mr. Catlin's faithful portraitures may well be realized.

The first work published by Mr. Catlin was entitled *Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, written during Eight Years of Travel and Adventure among the wildest and most remarkable Tribes now existing*. This was illustrated with over three hundred steel-plate engravings from his gallery, and has long been a work of reference on subjects connected with the American aborigines, having passed through a number of editions. Some of his other works were, *North American Portfolio of Hunting Scenes, Notes of Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe, Life among the Indians, Okeepah*, and *The Subsided and Uplifted Rocks of North America*.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The last week of 1872 will long be memorable as having brought one of the most severe snow-storms "on record" in this latitude. Accompanied as it was by a violent gale and extreme cold, it caused special inconvenience and suffering not only in New York, but throughout a wide-spread section of country. Quiet New England farmers, who lay in their winter stores early in the fall, and expect to be snow-bound time and again, can have little idea what a misfortune a snow blockade is in the streets of a great city. In a country village after a heavy fall of snow stout-limbed oxen and snow-plows are called into requisition, and the roads are "broken out." And then there is some spare room in the country where the snow may be piled up, and left to fertilize the ground. But what can be done with it in the city? Nothing, except to cart it away and dump it into the river. There is no room for it elsewhere. It is in the way when, dry and crisp, it stands in huge white piles; in the way when, brown and dirty, it clogs the streets; and it becomes a fearful nuisance when it changes to that most disagreeable compound denominated "slush," or "slosh." Sleighing is all very nice, and we may as well improve the few days of it we have in a jolly way; but, after all, the open country is the proper place for a genuine sleigh-ride.

Texas law requires that all persons under fifteen shall attend school a certain portion of the time. A married lady in Houston, who has not yet reached the age that would entitle her to exemption, attends school regularly, and carries her baby with her.

Mansard-roofs have had their turn of denunciation—partly just and partly unjust: now corrugated iron comes in for its share of anathemas. No doubt corrugated iron is a valuable building material when properly used; but when mixed up with wood, after the style of many buildings, the iron serves only as a guide to flame in case of fire, and is about as dangerous an article as can be used. The lesson of the day, set for New York and all large cities to learn, is the construction of fire-proof buildings; and legislation should be had which will forbid the existence of tinder-boxes in crowded localities.

Some of those who held long receptions on New-Year's Day may appreciate what Sydney Smith said of shakes of the hand:

> "There is the high official—the body erect, and a rapid short shake, near the chin. There is the mortmain—the flat hand introduced into your palm, and hardly conscious of its contiguity. The digital—one finger held out, much used by the high clergy. There is the shakus rusticus—when your hand is seized in an iron grasp, betokening rude health, warm heart, and distance from the metropolis, but producing a strong sense of relief on your part when you find your fingers unbroken. The next to this is the retentive shake—one which, beginning with vigor, pauses as it were to take breath, but without relinquishing its prey, and before you are aware begins again, till you feel anxious as to the result, and have no shake left in you."

"I think," remarked a gentleman who stood with one foot on the step and the other on the floor of a Broadway stage the day before New-Year's, "that it would be more respectable to *walk* down. And more comfortable too," he added, after a pause. To which sentiment the seventeen passengers within mentally responded, notwithstanding the huge piles of snow that blocked up the way, and the falling sleet and the slippery streets.

There are something like 750 oyster saloons in New York city—a fact which indicates the general fondness for this bivalve. The oyster trade, taking it as a whole—the planting, bringing to market, preparing, selling, cooking, and shipping—is an immense trade. It is estimated that about ten thousand men are engaged in it, directly and indirectly. There are many varieties of oysters. The "Saddle Rock" is a favorite—so called because first found, many years ago, in the East River, at a place known as Saddle Rock. But now the name is given generally to all large oysters. The largest specimens from the East River measure six inches; but the ordinary average is from three to four inches. The species generally eaten raw is the "Blue Point," which is remarkable for its delicate flavor. The "Shrewsbury" is one of the most expensive and popular varieties. Many others might be mentioned. The British oyster has a harsh, coppery taste; hence an extensive trade has sprung up with Europe, where the American oyster is highly esteemed. So carefully packed are the oysters for shipping that they seldom are injured by the voyage.

A recent work on coffee gives a simple test which housekeepers might apply with advantage:

> "A spoonful of pure coffee, placed gently on the surface of a glass of cold water, will float for some time, and scarcely color the liquid; if it contains chiccory it will rapidly absorb the water, and, sinking to the bottom of the glass, communicate a deep reddish-brown tint as it falls."

Numerous substances besides chiccory are used to adulterate coffee. A test for all of them would be useful.

Laughing-gas is nothing new; but the "laughing-plant" is a novelty. It is a native of Arabia, grows about six inches high, and bears yellow flowers. Two or three black seeds are produced, which, when pulverized and administered, operate in a curious way. For about an hour the person who has taken it laughs, sings, dances, and conducts in the most ludicrous and extravagant manner. After the excitement has passed he falls into a profound slumber, on awaking from which he is unconscious of what has occurred.

There is much serious truth in the following bit, clipped from a recently published story: "Half the misunderstandings of those who can least afford to misunderstand each other at all arise from two joint reasons—first, from want of frankness on the part of those who think they have no need to explain; next, from want of faith on the part of those who can take nothing for granted without an explanation."

The recent death of Kamehameha V., king of the Sandwich Islands, is an event of considerable importance, particularly as its occurrence causes an interregnum, as the king died childless, and named no successor to the throne, though required to do so by the constitution. He has reigned with considerable judgment and firmness about nine years. He was not, however, particularly friendly to Americans. It is related of him that many years ago, while he was traveling through the United States with Dr. Judd, he sailed up the Connecticut River on a steamboat, and sat unassumingly down to the supper-table, with a princely condescension before unknown. He was clothed in citizen's attire, and had only his brown face as a distinguishing mark. Through the inadvertency of Dr. Judd he was not made known to the passengers or officers of the boat. So a very democratic native of the Green Isle, a waiter at the table, unceremoniously informed the royal stranger that "no nagurs were allowed to eat with the white folks at that table." The matter was explained, yet Prince Lot, afterward Kamehameha V., never forgave the fancied insult.

It is said that the lower classes in Japan are afraid of the telegraph, not being able to see how the thing works. They fancy the whole arrangement is a device of the devil.

The Board of Health has been looking into the matter of adulteration of food. It appears that all the samples of cream of tartar examined were found to contain a large proportion of terra alba, and also some alum and Glauber's-salt. In fact, in every case examined more than half the so-called cream of tartar was something else. The various baking powders which came under analysis were found to be comparatively pure.

Dickens apparently named the novel *Martin Chuzzlewit* after much deliberation. He made numerous changes before he finally settled upon that odd name. Martin was the prefix to all, but the surname varied from its first form of Sweezleden, Sweezleback, and Sweezlewag, to those of Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleboy, Chubblewig, and Chuzzlewig; nor was Chuzzlewit chosen at last until after more hesitation and discussion. And then the author wrote to a friend, "Behold, finally, the title of the new book! Don't lose it, for I have no copy."

A method of weaving cloth out of spun glass threads was discovered more than thirty years ago in France. The making of this fabric seems at present to be a lost art, but its fancied appearance on the walls of a room is thus described:

"The lights flashing from the polished surface of the glass, to which any color or shade may be given, will give the room the appearance of an apartment of pearls, mother-of-pearl, or diamonds, or composed of garnets, sapphires, topazes, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, etc., or, in short, of all those precious stones united and combined in a thousand ways, and formed into stars, rosettes, bouquets, garlands, festoons, and graceful undulations, varied almost to infinity."

Among the disagreeables of the great city of London is its immense fish market—Billingsgate. Slimy, crowded, foul, and ill-odored, its yearly sale of fish has been estimated at about ten million dollars—for this is the great fish market not of London alone, but of all England. It is not a pleasant place to visit, as one may suppose—rough fish-mongers, with slippery baskets on their shoulders, being apparently in inextricable confusion with piles of mussels, cockles, shrimps, whelks, periwinkles, soles, whiting, gar-fish, and scores of apparently nameless creatures—for the English eat strange things from the sea. Although the space where the business is conducted is inconvenient and contracted, nearly all the fish taken in English, Irish, Scotch, and Dutch waters are brought there for sale.

What bitterness of feeling, what trouble and anguish, would be saved if every body would heed the following maxim:

"If your lips you would save from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where!"

The *Court Journal* gives a couple of amusing instances illustrating the method sometimes adopted in the examination of candidates for various positions in the "old country." One was a presbytery examination. The candidate was examined on the passage, "And having gone forth he wept bitterly."

Candidate. "And having gone forth." (*Pause.*)

Examiner. "And what did Peter do when he went forth?" (*Long Pause.*)

Kind old Examiner. "Well, now, in view of all the circumstances of the case, what do you consider the most likely thing for Peter to have done when he went out?"

Candidate (*brightening up at the suggestion*). "He shut the door."

The other example was from the examination of a student for the degree of M.A. by Professor Meikleham. He had before him an Irish candidate whose calibre he knew exactly, and to whom, out of regard to his prospects in life, he was disposed to be merciful.

Professor. "Enunciate the parallelogram of forces." (*Long pause.*)

Professor. "Is it a beast?"

Candidate (*confidently*). "No."

Professor. "Thank you; that will do."

And the candidate passed accordingly.

(Continued from No. 836, page 12.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Third.

A FRESH START.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEXT MORNING.

It was a sleepless night that I spent in my room; there was no getting away from my romance. I could not realize the extent or depth of Martin Westmair's love for me. I was inclined to disbelieve it, to set it down as the impulse of a sanguine nature, as the folly, weakness, passion of a moment, any thing but the sober affection of a life. If it were ever my good fortune to be loved for myself, I had thought of a very matter-of-fact courtship, that should proceed step by step in orthodox fashion, until he and I—what he would be like, I had often speculated upon also!—understood each other's mind, and could make no mistake in trusting in each other for all time. But to be darted at in a few weeks, and to be told by some one whom it was impossible to understand, whose manner one might have liked a little, whose small attentions were not unpleasant to receive, and in whom one might have even felt an interest, that I was loved, was immensely confusing to my theory of what this passion should resemble. I had been angry in the garden—whirled out of my quietude and passiveness by the torrent—but I was not angry in my own room, when I endeavored to recollect all that I had said, *and all that he had said!* I knew that he had been indiscreet and foolish; I was certain that he had not had time to estimate the depth of his own feelings; I thought that he might be the victim of a fancy, born of his forced idleness—as men and women do fall victims sometimes—and I wished that he had gone away without his premature avowal.

Still, the avowal being made, I was hardly offended with him upon mature consideration! I had been taken off my guard, and had I had time to prepare myself, I should have received his offer with a greater degree of calmness. I was disposed to believe that I had acted, as we girls say, like a silly. I was more inclined to be offended with myself now, for my unlady-like want of self-possession, at a crisis when young ladies of *ton* know so well how to behave themselves. Certainly, I could not have referred him to my mother, or father, or sister, for a clear statement of his intentions, and the exact amount of his annual income; my mother was dead, my father was in jail, and my sister might be in the provinces with a comic husband; Martin Westmair's intentions I had comprehended for myself, and the amount of his income I did not care about—I hope he did not think that I had refused him because he was poor. That last thought was a trouble to me till the morning; I should have been sorry if that impression had been conveyed to his mind, and after all—had I refused him? He had spoken of hope in quitting me last night, because I had half promised to forget his imprudence, as if that were possible, or as if it were not going to be one of the most memorable incidents of my life forever afterward!

I did not sleep that night—in the early morning I dozed a little, but woke up before my time, and dressed myself, and sat at my open window, dreaming in the early day. I did not venture into the garden, I did not go down stairs; I was nervous, and proud. When I heard a footstep below me on the gravel, I darted hastily from the window, lest he should think—as if he would think thus unworthily!—that I was looking out for him; but it was only Grandfather Westmair toddling about with a garden-pot in search of snails, and my new-found lover kept to his apartment, after my own fashion. I had a strange fear, that he had gone, seize me half an hour before breakfast,—that he had packed up and left for London last night—and the sudden heart-sinking which followed that idea was the first ominous symptom which surprised me. This was unaccountable—why should I wish to see him again, when I had been frightened of him last night, and had resented emphatically his rash precipitation? I could not solve that riddle for myself; I framed an answer to it, but it was not very self-assuring.

When I went down stairs to the breakfast-room, I found Aunt Jane ensconced in an easy-chair by the open window, like a woman on guard against contingencies. I was glad that I had not entered an appearance earlier. I felt that his mother knew every thing, by the watchful attitude which she had already assumed. I had no wish that his mother should be kept in the dark concerning last night's madness—it was a relief to read the story on her face.

"You are late, Miss Kirby," she said, with so gracious a smile that I felt on guard myself, and at once.

"It is about the usual hour, I think," I answered.

"Mr. Abel has been in the garden with his daughter these last five minutes," she said, and Martin is—I don't know where Martin is, I am sure. Have you seen him this morning, Miss Kirby?"

"No, madam," I answered, sharply—with my usual pertness, it is possible that Mrs. Westmair thought—but there was an insinuation concealed in her inquiry, and it disturbed me. She smiled again at me, however; she was evidently relieved by my response. She dashed into the one subject of the day with charming frankness.

"Miss Kirby, I should be acting a very false part toward you if I were to profess to be ignorant of all that passed last night between you and my son," she said; "I am glad to learn from his own lips that you have acted in a sensible and becoming manner."

I was far from certain that I had done so, but I bowed to the compliment.

"I told him yesterday morning that he was proceeding most unwisely—he is always impetuous and weak, poor Martin—and we had a few words together in consequence," she said, with a deep sigh. "I wished him to leave at once; I said it was his duty; but though he consented to take a mother's advice and quit the place, he insisted upon addressing you, and judging for himself if he or I were right in our ideas concerning you. And, my dear Miss Kirby," taking my hand in hers, "it is an inexpressible satisfaction to a mother's heart to discover that you have made no effort, as a designing young woman might have done, to entangle my son in an engagement which could only have ended miserably for both of you."

"I have certainly made no effort to entangle him," I murmured.

"Martin is not strong, or prudent, or wise—if he had been, he would have occupied a very different position at this time—and you have seen how his impulses are calculated to deceive himself and others," she continued. "The foolish fellow will be better away; he will be his old self in a few days, and laugh with you and me at all this nonsense."

I did not answer—I drew my hand slowly away from her pressure—I felt that Mrs. Westmair was false in her frankness, and that her friendliness could not deceive me. I knew that she had never liked me, or my coming to Broomfield, and I was not deceived by her encomiums on my conduct.

I sat down, and passed my hand over my forehead wearily. I was feeling faint from unrest.

"It is very hot this morning," I said, slowly.

"I have not remarked it," Mrs. Westmair responded; "I—here, don't make a scene to begin with, child, and upset my boy over again," she cried, in her natural tone; "take some water—drink this."

I must have nearly closed my eyes, I imagine; for Mrs. Westmair, bending over me with a glass of water to my lips, became a faint surprise to me. While I was drinking the water, Martin and Abel Westmair came in together from the garden, Martin with his arm linked in that of his uncle, till he saw me, when he withdrew it precipitately, and made a step or two in my direction.

"What's the matter?" he cried, fiercely; "has she been ill?—have you—"

"Miss Kirby was complaining of the heat, that's all," said Mrs. Westmair.

"I am better now," I said.

"I think if you were to breakfast with Ettie in your room, my dear," said Mrs. Westmair, suggestively, "you would be all the better for the studies presently."

"Thank you, I am very well now," I answered, quite briskly, in reply.

"Ettie will breakfast here," Mr. Abel Westmair said, decisively; "and Miss Kirby also, I hope," he added, less sternly, as if he were afraid that I should take his words as a hint to myself not to interfere.

Ettie joined us, and the dull breakfast hour passed away. I was in an awkward position, but the presence of my pupil was a strength and a relief. The man who had made love to me last night was tolerably rational in the morning; but once or twice I knew that his gaze was directed toward me thoughtfully, and with a wistfulness that made my heart thrill strangely. I did not meet his gaze—I was afraid; but when he spoke to me, as he did at times, I answered him in my usual way. His mother was uneasy, and troubled with a little cough, which rendered me uneasy also; and Mr. Westmair read his newspaper at breakfast-time, and answered Ettie's questions in monosyllables. He seemed also to be different in his manner, and to be disturbed by the news which in some fashion or other had reached his ears. Martin had made a clean breast of it all round, I fancied, and such rapid and spasmodic love-making under his own roof had very naturally shocked the uncle. I thought already that he held me blameless, but I was vexed at the general knowledge which every body seemed to possess of the story. Grandfather Westmair, in the easy-chair by the fire-place, was the only one who seemed to suspect nothing; but then he was full of surprises, and would be down upon me presently, perhaps.

As for Ettie, she was thoughtful; the departure of Martin before the week had expired in which he had promised to remain did not raise in her any protest against his breach of faith, and this was ominous.

Abel Westmair set aside his newspaper and looked at his watch.

"You have not a great while to catch the train, Martin."

"I am quite ready, Abe," he answered.

He rose with alacrity, stamped his feet as though they were cold, buttoned his coat very carefully, looking at me—I am sure it was at me—meanwhile.

"Is your trunk in the carriage, Martin?" asked his mother.

"It has been sent down by the groom. I am going to walk this morning to the station."

"Don't overheat yourself, my dear."

"I will take every possible care of myself, mother," he said, as he kissed her and wished her good-by.

"I shall come and see that you are comfortable in Cecil Street one day next week," his mother said; "I shall call very often—every time that I am in town, Martin."

"Thank you," he said, not altogether gratefully—that is to say, with no violent outburst of gratitude at the offer; "but—"

He paused, and went on again,

"But I shall run down once a week or so to see you."

"Martin!" said his mother, in a half whisper of surprise.

"Yes, I think I shall," he said, hesitatingly—"I know that I shall," he added, more firmly, "unless I find that Abel, or any body else, does not want to see me; then presto, exit Martin to slow music. You will tell me when I am in the way, Abe. You were never afraid of the truth."

"You are welcome here at any time," was the reply.

"Thank you. Good-by, Miss Kirby," he said, turning to me at last, and before this attentive audience I felt confused again; "I hope that you will not tell me that I am in the way, either," he added, in so low a tone that only I could hear his words, although his mother tried very hard to do so.

My hand was in his, and it began to tremble with his own.

"Good-by, Mr. Westmair," I could only say then.

He looked round at Abel, who, to my astonishment—I could have scarcely believed it of him—took his sister-in-law by the arm and walked her through the open window into the garden.

"One moment, Jane," he said; "I wish to ask you a question before Martin leaves us."

Mrs. Westmair was disconcerted by this step, but when they were in the garden together, her hands were suddenly raised in surprise, and then placed in those of Abel, as if in gratitude. What could that mean? I wondered, even before Martin's voice recalled me to myself.

"You will not be sorry if I come again—sometimes," he said, now that the coast was clear, and Ettie with becoming delicacy had crossed to the side of her grandfather.

"Why should I be sorry, unless—"

"Unless I pain you again by my rash conduct, you would say," he added; "oh! say that you forgive me!"

"I—I don't know that I have any thing to forgive," I stammered forth, conscious that I was growing very red; "if I have, it is forgiven."

"And—I may come, then?"

"How can I hinder you?"

"By a word—a look," he replied. "Oh, Miss Faith, I *was* rash last night; but I was going away, and it was like losing you forever, unless I spoke out before I went. Now I will be silent for twelve months, and then go away for good if you have not learned to think better of me by that time. Good-by—God bless you!"

He shook me by the hands and then passed out of the room. I could not reason with him upon the difference that there would ever be in our positions—the shadow of my past was not concealed from him, and what was he to me yet—what could he ever be? I was less angry that morning, but less firm—I did not feel sorry that this man had learned to love me in three weeks—I felt almost glad that we had not quarreled, and that he would come again to Broomfield.

When I heard the door in the hall close behind him, I was sure that I was one friend the less in my new home—and I had had never many friends to boast of.

CHAPTER XII.

ABEL ACTS AS GUARDIAN.

I should have been glad to escape to my room for another long think, had my duties allowed me—had not Mrs. Westmair returned to focus me, through her gold-mounted double eyeglass, and Ettie not been clinging to my skirts. In the garden, but beneath the veranda, looking in at me, stood Abel Westmair also, black-haired and lemon-skinned in the sun.

"Miss Kirby, may I trouble you for a few moments?" he said, politely, and though I felt that here was a continuation of the subject which his sister-in-law had left unfinished, there was nothing left me but obedience. I was perfectly certain that I could not be lectured by Abel Westmair, however, as I had been by Martin's mother—and that if he put a false construction on my conduct, I should give warning and depart. Perhaps he was going to give *me* warning, I thought, when I was in the garden, and he was looking with grave intentness at me.

No one attempted to join us; Aunt Jane stood at the window and watched us cross the lawn, and Ettie called after me that I should find her in my room when I returned. We walked away together, and I thought how odd it was.

"Miss Kirby," he said, in his usual decisive, even methodical way, "my nephew has informed me of his proposal to you last evening, and as all within this establishment are more or less under my protection, I am about to take the liberty of addressing a few words to you upon the subject."

"It is a subject hardly worth discussion, Mr. Westmair."

"Martin was anxious that I should know the position of affairs; he has not the desire to keep this a secret, and he told me frankly this morning that he had proposed to you, and hurt your feelings seriously by his premature declaration."

"Why should we speak of this?" I asked, resisting still.

"Why should we not?" he rejoined; "it is my business to think of you, while you are here. Martin is my nephew; he has acted with great indiscretion—if he has not apologized for himself this morning, I will do so for him."

"He has apologized," I said, slowly.

"That was like a gentleman—and Martin, with all his faults and failings, is a gentleman," he said, proudly.

I inclined my head in assent.

"Acting rashly as he often does, he may have given you a wrong estimate of his character, which is at least frank and honest. He and I do not agree," he added, thoughtfully; "had he been less excitable, more reticent, his position would have been very different to what it is; he would have been my partner in and my successor to this hateful business."

I was surprised at the emphasis with which he spoke, and he read my surprise with his usual quickness of observation.

"It is a business that I do not like—it has made my fortune, and killed every hope of fame I ever had," he said. "I wished to compose poetry, and Fate made me compound polish—on the sly, locked up alone in the master's shed once a fortnight, to add the final touch to the recipe which my father discovered when he was a young man. This is locking-up day," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "and I stay here to mix my mystery, as Hecate mixed her broth."

I was glad that he had wandered from the subject of Martin, though his confidence in me was startling. I had no idea that he was a dissatisfied or an ambitious man until that morning—that riches had not brought him content, and that he almost despised the means which had made him what he was. I had no idea that all this explanation was leading up to the one theme of Martin Westmair again, until he continued his discourse.

"I thought that I would tell you all this, Miss Kirby," he said, "because Martin's present position in the world—though you are not a young woman of much worldly calculation, I know already—may have prejudiced that suit which he was rash enough to urge; because you may have misjudged my nephew, and not given him credit for that good feeling which at least exists in his heart; because he will be my partner when he marries. I have broken the news to his mother this morning, and she is very grateful."

It is almost impossible to afford my readers an idea of the manner in which Abel offered me this explanation. It was slowly delivered, without a rise or fall in his voice—with an utter listlessness, I should have thought, had it not been for his dark eyes, which were never taken from my face, as if the full extent of the effect of the news upon me were worth his studying.

"I have not thought of Mr. Martin Westmair's position," I said, as slowly as himself.

"It will be a good one in its way," he replied; "and with more responsibility upon his shoulders there will come more stability, I hope. Not that I mean," he said, more hastily, "that Martin is a reckless man, but he laughs at life's duties, jests at matters which should be seriously considered, and acts impulsively."

"Yes, he acts impulsively," I murmured.

"But he is a truthful man," said Abel, "and as you learn to know him better, so, Miss Kirby, will you esteem the natural unselfishness of his character. There!" he said, with a strange sigh of relief, "will he ever say after this that I have not stood his friend?"

"You are his best friend, Mr. Westmair," I said.

"And he is his own enemy a little—nobody else's; but," he added, "always believe with me, Miss Kirby, that Martin Westmair is to be trusted, although, like most sanguine natures, he passes over now and then to the darkest side, and gives way too easily. He tells me that he has lost you by his rashness."

"He had no right to think of me," I said, evasively; "his pride should have reminded him that I come of a father very weak, very sinful, and that I must always share his shame."

"I think that we have argued that question before," said Abel, dryly; "it is a morbid estimation of your position, which you have no right to consider in this case—or in any case."

"In this case, I did not think of it," I answered.

"I am glad of that," he said, his features not betraying any great amount of gladness, however; "your father's faults are not of your knowledge; you will make Martin a good wife."

"I am not going to marry Martin," I said, rebelliously; "pray do not credit me with any such intention. I can't speak of this—I don't want to speak of this again."

He looked steadfastly at me, as though my manner puzzled him, before he said,

"We will dismiss the subject. I thought that I would let you know that Martin has made no secret of this, and that, so far as I am concerned—so far as his mother is concerned, when she has had a little time to reflect upon the matter—there will be no opposition to an engagement which, in good time, you and he may feel disposed to form. I have spoken all that was in my mind—as a father, a brother, or a guardian might have done—so that there should never occur again a misunderstanding, while you are at Broomfield."

"Thank you," I could not forbear saying.

"I am unused to this kind of thing," he added, with a forced smile, "and have acted very clumsily, after my fashion—that you will excuse. You are a lonely little woman in the world, and I understand your loneliness—though it will be less than my own, for to you will come many friends, and some happiness in God's time."

"But you—"

"I never make friends," he said, with a sudden severity of manner; "people don't like me, and I take no trouble to make them."

"Here is one friend whom you will acknowledge," I said, pointing to Ettie, who, tired with waiting for me, had resolved to brave her father's sternness, and sally forth in search of me.

"Yes, there is that one," he muttered; "but when she is gone, I don't see my way."

This was the end of our conference—the beginning, perhaps, of our confidence, if it had not begun before in the study, when I learned that he had been striving generously for my father's liberty. This was the end of one epoch in my life. I can afford to pass away from it without regret, and turn to the stronger life and deeper passion which followed in its wake.

Book the Fourth.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

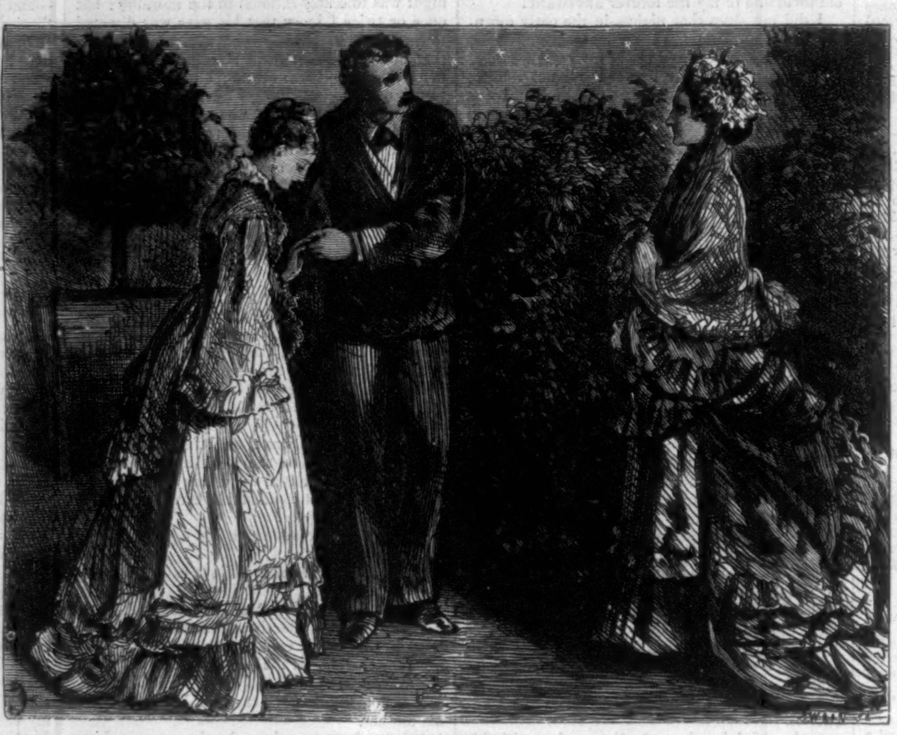
CHAPTER I.

A YEAR'S PROBATION.

I CAN not say that I was unhappy for the next nine or ten months of my life at Broomfield, and yet there was a great deal to battle against, and to grow anxious about. So far as my own family was concerned, my troubles had accumulated, and neither suspense nor mystery had grown less; it was with the Westmairs, my new friends, whom I had disliked and suspected, and whom I had been trained, as it were, to dislike, that I found some degree of compensation for being set aside by those who might have been more true to me. I was alone, and had a great deal to perplex me, but I was not unhappy. There were times even when I was almost happy, and this requires a little explanation.

Concerning my own family, in the first place. Of Katie I heard no more; she had disappeared from me as completely as on that night of my return to England, when I seemed to have lost her forever. She never wrote to me, and in poring over newspaper advertisements in the hope of finding the names of herself and husband at a music-hall, I was completely disappointed. Katie Baskerville—she would keep her maiden name, I fancied, on the bills—had disappeared from her sphere, and the letters of POUNCE on the walls attracted not again the gaze of passers-by, by their Brobdingnagian dimensions.

Of Jonathan Kirby, late of Holloway? My father obtained his release; he was let out to die, it was said, and under those circumstances the law was merciful, and unlocked the gates of his prison. I obtained one more interview with him before his release, saw him once more behind his wire grating, the thin shadow of a man, on whom Death seemed to have set his mark, and would take away presently when not quite so busy; and received his instructions not to wait for him at Holloway, but to be prepared to go away from Broomfield on the night of his release, when he would call to thank Mr. Abel Westmair and to take me with him. He never kept his word—a bad habit of not keeping his word had Jonathan Kirby. He disappeared after the true Kirby fashion; he became one more of the family that did not think it worth while writing to me, and that left me completely to myself. In those ten months of which I write—the spring of another year had come at their expiration—I heard not of him, or from him. I thought at times that he must have died unrecognized, in some distant quarter of the great City; I could not account for his silence by any other method. If he had not much confidence in me or my judgment, he had been never a harsh or unkind parent, and he must have wondered about me, had he lived, I thought, unless by some means—and I suspected this occasionally—he knew that my position was unchanged at Broomfield. Once I taxed Abel Westmair with being acquainted with my father's whereabouts, but he replied that he did not know, and that he had never heard. It was no more than he had expected from the first, he said; and my suspicions did him an injustice, he added, by way of reproof.



"MOTHER, MY FUTURE WIFE."

Of Jeffery Kirby, missionary in South Africa? Not a word. I had been his favorite; he had been a good and earnest father to me: why did he neglect me? The society had received a letter of resignation from him, I was informed one day; but it knew nothing more concerning him, and he never wrote to Faith. He had vanished with the rest of them.

Thus left to my new world, I made new friends by degrees, and I was not unhappy, as already intimated. Had I been assured that little Kate was well, that my father was penitent, and not friendless, that Uncle Jeffery was alive, I should have been quite happy, and would have forgiven their neglect of me.

Perhaps I *was* almost happy in the assurance that I was respected at Broomfield by its inmates and its visitors, with the one solitary exception of Mrs. Jane Westmair, who had made up her mind to dislike me at first sight, and who had succeeded in her effort tolerably well. She was an extremely jealous being, and objected to other folk liking me better than they did her; otherwise she was not a bad woman. She held no high estimate of human nature in the abstract; she thought the world a very selfish, mercenary, and narrow-chested affair, and that her son was the one peerless, priceless object on its surface; but for the son's sake she became outwardly civil, and in his presence I have even been surprised by her complaisance. If I say that she watched me as a cat does a mouse, I use a very homely phrase to explain my meaning; but I thought that if I ever came in time to love her son, what a very cat-like mother-in-law I should possess!

If I ever came in time to love her son! Yes, it had come to that thought; there is the explanation, and it accounts for all in a few words, though I have no doubt the astute reader has guessed as much as this already.

At the end of the ten months I began to think it possible that I might love Martin Westmair; perhaps I had had this idea at an earlier period, but I am not compelled, even in my autobiography, to commit myself to the precise date. He called very regularly at Broomfield; once in the week Abel brought him from London to dinner with us, and on Saturday evening he arrived by the last train, and went away on Monday morning. He came to see his mother; his visits were very natural and very regular; he paid me no particular attentions—perhaps he looked at me rather more often than there was any occasion, for he must have known my features by heart—and he never spoke of that wild night in the garden, or of his intention to wait twelve months before telling me once more of his affection. I knew that he was waiting, that he was hopeful, and that he had grown to like me very much, though he never said a word—though he was the same good-tempered, easy, outspoken, careless fellow whom I had always known. He had a different intonation in his voice for me, but he always addressed me as Miss Kirby; he was in higher spirits when he was sitting by my side than when he was sitting by his uncle's; he was always disappointed when I was not his partner at whist, and he snubbed his mother terribly if she were; he took suddenly to a regular attendance at church on Sundays, morning and evening, and walked with me and Ettie across the fields to Teddington, in preference to going with his mother in the carriage. He was never impulsive, but respectful, and orderly, and kind; and in time it became pleasant to feel assured that there was somebody who cared for me, and wanted me to be his wife, and was waiting patiently for my answer, and that that somebody was Martin Westmair. Mine was a peculiar position in that house—I should have hardly felt that I was a dependent, had it not been for Aunt Jane's delicate reminders now and then. I had become one of the family. I believe every body in the establishment, even to the page-boy, comprehended the reason for Mr. Martin Westmair's visits to Broomfield, though never a syllable of other people's thoughts reached my ears in those ten months. Abel had had his say one morning, as detailed in my last chapter, and done with it, but he was very different to me also; he was grave and hard and even irritable at times, as was his wont; but I was one of the family to him, and certainly more than a governess of whom Ettie was fond, one who would be engaged to his nephew in due course. He seemed to look that, and to regard me and Martin watchfully. The story had interested him, and the effect of Martin's attachment upon his character—possibly on mine—he had set himself to study with all the coolness of a philosopher. I was one of an incomprehensible sex, and Martin was a character in his way. What would become of the two of us?—how did we look under the microscope of Abel Westmair's analysis? When the ten months had become eleven, and when the eleven months had approached to twelve, and it was the ripe red flush of summer again—with so little difference in Ettie that one could not think of half a score of physicians' verdict against her, and with so great a difference in me, and all my thoughts, that I trembled in considering them—when Martin Westmair had become part of them, and first of them, and very often all of them—the world took different hues, and stretched before me in a blaze of color. All seemed to tend toward my peace and rest and happiness, and what more could follow? I had had my trials and overmastered them, and here was the reward that comes to heroines after life's vicissitudes and life's mistakes; yes, here in the moonlight—under the veranda of Abel Westmair's house—one year to the day we both so well remembered, and made so little effort to disguise that we understood each other before a word was spoken. My heart had been fluttering all the morning about it—wondering if he would remember what day it was, and all that had happened in it twelve months since; whether he would come to Teddington, as it was not his night to visit us, and so forth. He had arrived late, and every body had been surprised except myself, by his advent—I had been waiting for him. Dates had not been registered—only in my memory and his—the good folk beyond our sphere had taken matters generally, and were not as precise as we were. But we were of our own world, and I felt nervous as he came into the room and shook hands with his mother and me—with me the last, and longest.

"Nothing is the matter in town, I hope?" his mother inquired, anxiously.

"Oh no. Where's Abel?"

"In his study."

"I must see him. I have something of importance to communicate."

"My dear Martin, something *has* happened, then?"

"I will tell you presently, mother; pray bring him here."

He was looking pale, and his mother was taken off her guard. I was surprised even, and as Mrs. Westmair hurried away through the French windows, and round the garden-front to Abel's study, I said,

"Is it bad news, then?"

"I hope not. Let us follow her," he said; "come with me, please—as a witness. Do."

He took my hand in his, and I guessed all then—perhaps feared all for an instant, and shrank back. It was an eccentric commencement of his courtship, and I hardly liked it.

"As a witness to what?" I asked.

"To my happiness or misery. I hope you will accompany me," he said, very earnestly, and then I passed with him into the garden, and in the direction which his mother had taken. It was under the veranda, and in the moonlight, that he asked me whether I remembered what day it was—that he told me in nervous language how patiently he had waited, and how he had grown hopeful of late days that I might learn to love him, as I had learned to forgive his first impulse toward me. He spoke fairly and eloquently, and with less of that exaggeration of manner which had characterized his love speeches of twelve months ago. The importance of this step in his life he had had time to calculate, as he had had time to become certain that I was the woman whom he wished to make his wife. I spoke, perhaps feebly, of the difference in our positions, of his mother, and of my father, and he said—as I was quite sure that he would say—that he had only to think of me, and to care for no one else. He was certain of what was best for his own happiness.

"And now, Faith," he said, plainly, "will you have me? I am to be a partner in the firm, and shall not be very poor."

"I wish that you were not going to be a partner," I replied.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because people will say that when you were poor I declined to receive your attentions," I answered, demurely, "and now that you are going to be rich, I say Yes!"

It was in this fashion that Martin Westmair and I became engaged to each other, and that the world seemed very bright at last to me. What a fair beginning of my second year at Broomfield, and how the neutral tints of my prosaic life vanished away in the clear daydawn of my first love! I had forgotten his ruse to get rid of his mother—I had forgotten most things, but that I was engaged to be married, and that this handsome Martin Westmair loved me—when Abel and Aunt Jane came round the angle of the house toward us, with staring faces that were ghost-like in the moonlight.

"What is it, Martin?" said Abel; "your mother tells me that you have something of importance to communicate. Is it all right at Watling Street?"

"Yes, and it's all right here. Faith and I are engaged—congratulate me."

Abel Westmair seemed to hesitate for a moment, even to frown for an instant as at a joke that had been played upon him, then he advanced toward his nephew, and held out his hand.

"I congratulate you, Martin; Miss Kirby will make you one of the best wives in the world."

He shook hands with me also, but he offered me no congratulations. His lips seemed moving, but not a word escaped them; he turned from us quickly, and walked away to his study like a man who had outlived all interest in love matters, and would be glad to get back to his books.

Every thing had been settled in a business-like fashion; Martin would be steady and business-like himself, with a wife to look after him, and to be looked after; with a home of his own, and a fair share in the polish.

Martin turned to Mrs. Westmair.

"Mother," he said, suggestively, "my future wife."

She winced, but he was her son, and his happiness was in my hands. She had never liked me, she had used her best endeavors to stop the match; she could not think a great deal of any one who stood between her and her son's heart; but she gave in gracefully at his appeal. She kissed me on the forehead, and said,

"He is a treasure, Faith. You will take care of him?"

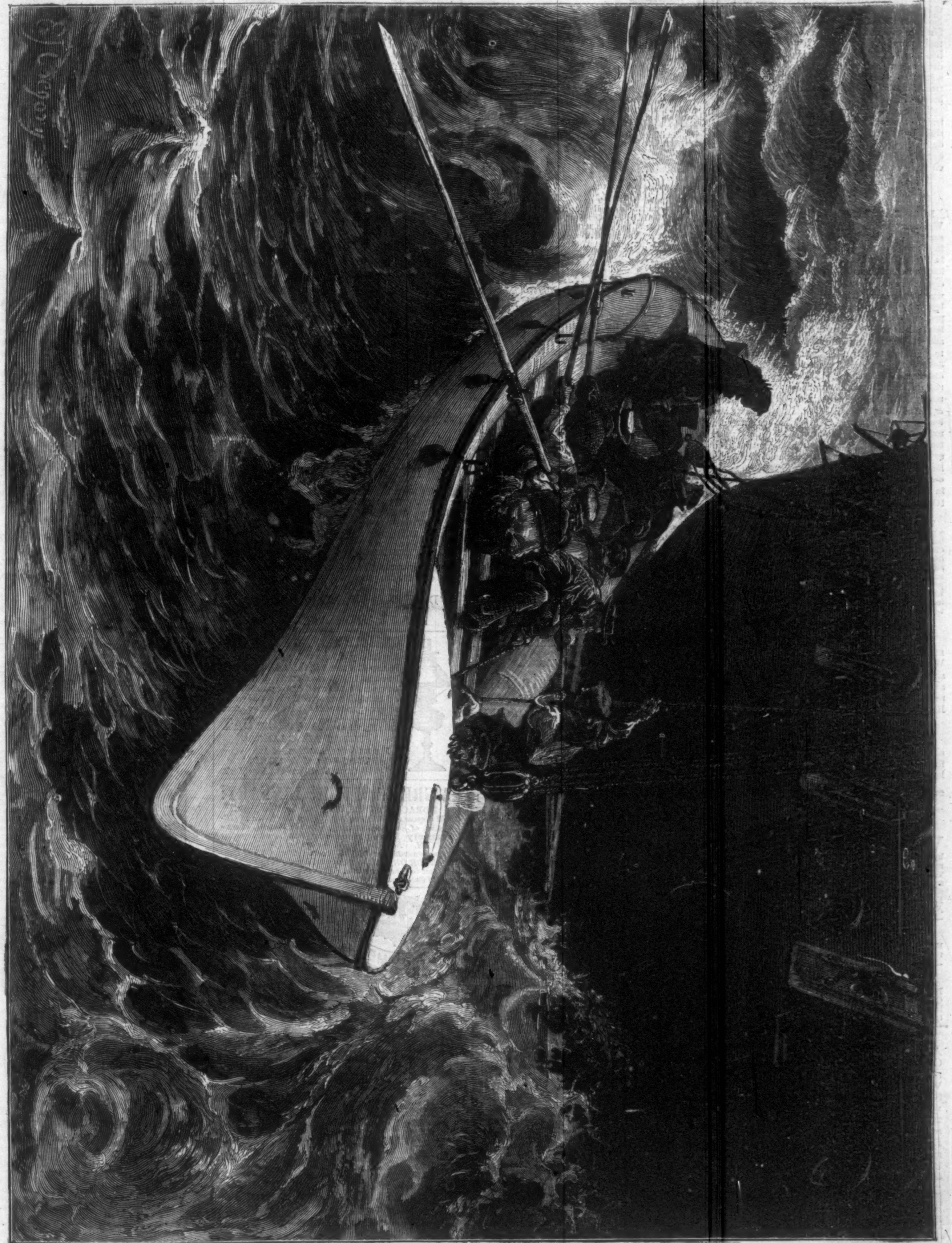
I promised to take care of this treasure, for my own sake as well as his mother's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MAN OVERBOARD.

IN the ship-news columns of our sea-port papers may now and then be read a brief extract from the log of some newly arrived vessel, setting forth that on such and such a day a man was washed overboard and drowned. The name, date, latitude and longitude, nothing more, make his epitaph whose grave no tombstone shall ever mark; but what a tragedy the few words suggest! Any one who has ever made a long sea-voyage can readily conjure up the scene on board the ship when the fearful cry, "A man overboard!" rang out—the prompt bringing to of the vessel, the hurried lowering of the life-boat, the anxious search, it may be, through a stormy sea that every moment threatens the death of those who gallantly risk their own lives to save that of a fellow-creature. And then the return, after a vain search over the trackless waste, the making sail again in subdued silence, every one's heart full of sadness for the comrade who a few minutes before was standing among them, so suddenly and forever gone! Then the brief entry in the log, and no more to be said or thought about it.

Nothing in the world seems so hopeless. One may be lost on the prairies or in the snow, and not lose heart; but to find one's self suddenly struggling in mid-ocean, and the ship perhaps a mile away before she can be brought to and a boat launched—what can be imagined more terrible? Even if so fortunate as to be picked up, one must endure a hundred deaths in the alternations of hope and despair as the moments pass and strength gradually fails. Let us hope the stanch life-boat, which we have seen leaving the ship on her perilous mission, may return with the poor fellow who is struggling for life in those stormy waves.



A MAN OVERBOARD—LOWERING THE LIFE-BOAT.

PROSPECT STATION.

ONE of the most deplorable of recent railroad accidents occurred on the night of December 24, at Prospect Station, on the Buffalo, Corry, and Pittsburg line. A short distance west of the station is a trestle-work, about twenty feet high, reached by a heavy down grade. Just as the eastern-bound express train, running down this grade—some witnesses say at a rapid rate of speed—touched the trestle-work, it was discovered that a wheel of the tender was broken. The locomotive and tender passed over in safety, but the rest of the train, consisting of a baggage and a passenger car, was thrown from the trestle, and struck top downward. The weight of the trucks crushed in the cars, closing up the windows; and to render the situation even more terrible, the passenger coach was partially tilted upon its side, so that for the occupants of that side there were absolutely no means of escape.

The cars immediately took fire, the passenger coach burning at both ends. Some half a dozen persons waiting at the station were soon at the scene of the accident, but they worked at an immense disadvantage. No water could be had, and the snow that was scraped up had little effect in staying the flames. Only two axes were available, and the wood-work of the cars was bolted together so firmly and intricately that but little headway could be made with them. All the time these efforts were being put forth the flames were steadily gaining, and the shrieks of the imprisoned victims as the scorching heat enveloped them were appalling to the stoutest heart. Now and then a rope was put through a crevice, fastened to a form, and the sufferer pulled out by main strength. Sometimes it would be a lifeless body, and the charred arms, legs, or head would drop off in the struggle. In three or four instances the head was thus separated from the trunk, and in as many more cases the body was bereft of its limbs.

There were thirty-eight passengers on the train, of whom nineteen were either killed outright by the fall from the trestle or burned to death in the ruins. Our illustration of this sad event, printed on page 52, is from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. E. Y. BRECK.

CAMEOS.

In the Rocky Mountain regions of Dakotah and Wyoming our indefatigable explorers have discovered some of the richest and most valuable masses of Onyx in the world. They have been particularly fortunate in finding there quantities of the variety of Onyx known heretofore as Nicolo or Onicolo. This has a deep brown ground overlaid by a layer of bluish white, which upper layer is extremely thin, and reveals the brown by its transparency. This sort of Onyx had previously been found, though less abundantly, in Bohemia and the Tyrol. It was extensively used by the ancients for engraving Cameos and Intaglios. A visit to the establishment of Messrs. STARR & MARCUS, 22 John St. (up stairs), will show how important at no distant day it is likely to be to our arts that this material should be found at our doors. The outlay of money and time and thought made by Messrs. STARR & MARCUS in the production of the most delicate and beautiful Cameos proves that they find the enterprise remunerative. So refined and exquisite is the style of their best works, that the public which demands to be so supplied may be safely counted upon to furnish ere long all the inducements necessary to establish in our own country an art which has only been re-established in Europe itself within the memory of living men.—[*Com.*]

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING-MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine, making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of family sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Be sure to call and see it. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. M. G. PHILLIPS, Fort Ann, N. Y., has had a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1854, doing shirt-work and family sewing, without repairs, and it is now in good working order. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

MOULE'S PATENT EARTH CLOSET.—Simplest, cheapest, and most effective in the market. Send for circular. Earth Closet Company, 31 Courtlandt St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE again call the attention of all afflicted with Hernia to the easy and effectual remedy afforded by the Elastic Truss. The high commendation it is receiving from all quarters shows how readily this invention (so complete and so much needed) will supersede all torturing metal instruments. We advise all sufferers to send for a descriptive circular to The Elastic Truss Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York.—*N. Y. Independent.*

FOR MOTH PATCHES,

Freckles, and Tan, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads, and Fleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York.

IT ACTS LIKE MAGIC,

And with invariable success, in all cases of CONSUMPTION, *promptly arresting the cause of the disease, and effecting a permanent Cure.* WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA is now universally admitted to be THE UNDOUBTED SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION. It will cure *seven* cases out of *ten*, a result which no other Remedy or Treatment has ever equaled or even approached. Try it! Sold by all Druggists, $1 and $2 per bottle, and by J. WINCHESTER & Co., Chemists, 36 John St., New York.

☞ **IMPORTANT to Physicians.** ☜ Clinical Lectures on *The Diseases of Women*, by Prof. R. Ludlam, M.D., of Hahnemann College, Chicago. Just published, $7 50. C. S. Halsey, 72 State St., Chicago.

JUST WHAT WAS EXPECTED!

All the people want good

CABLE SCREW WIRE

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THERE is nothing like Leather Shoes with a

SILVER TIP

for children. Try them. They never wear through at the Toe. For Sale by all Dealers.

WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. DOUBLEDAY, maker, 276 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Enough said."

LITTELL'S
LIVING
AGE.

NEW SERIES.

NEW SERIES.

NEW SERIES.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,

On January 1st, 1873, begins volume one of **A New Series,** thus affording the most favorable time that has occurred in a number of years for the beginning of **New Subscriptions.**

A *weekly magazine*, of sixty-four pages, THE LIVING AGE gives more than

Three and a Quarter Thousand

double-column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly, forming four large volumes. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a **Satisfactory Completeness** attempted by no other publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature, and from the pens of the

Ablest Living Writers.

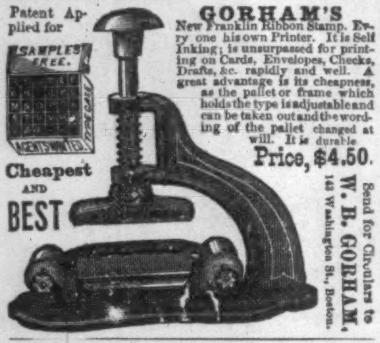
It is pronounced by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, *The Nation, The N. Y. Evening Post*, and the leading men and journals of the country generally, to be "the best of all our eclectic publications;" and is indispensable to every one who desires a thorough compendium of all that is noteworthy and admirable in the literary world.

☞ *Now is the time to subscribe, beginning with the NEW SERIES, and with entirely NEW SERIALS—one by MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, the distinguished French writers; one by FRITZ REUTER, the popular German novelist; and others to be announced hereafter, together with those of the best English authors, as usual.*

Published weekly at $8 00 a year, *free of postage*; or, for $10, any one of the American $4 Monthlies (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*, or *Appleton's Journal*, weekly), is sent with THE LIVING AGE for a year; or for $8 50, THE LIVING AGE and *Our Young Folks.* Address

LITTELL & GAY, Boston.

Patent Applied for


SAMPLES FREE.
AGENTS WANTED.
TYPE CASE

GORHAM'S New Franklin Ribbon Stamp. Every one his own Printer. It is Self Inking; is unsurpassed for printing on Cards, Envelopes, Checks, Drafts, &c. rapidly and well. A great advantage is its cheapness, as the pallet or frame which holds the type is adjustable and can be taken out and the wording of the pallet changed at will. It is durable

Price, $4.50.

Cheapest AND BEST

Send for Circulars to **W. B. GORHAM,** 143 Washington St., Boston.

RUPTURE CURED.—Trusses injure, increase the rupture, and make it a life torment; while Dr. Sherman's Appliances, used according to printed instructions, cure. Prices from $10 upward. Send 10 cents for Book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, and price-list. Office 697 Broadway, N. Y.

CHENEY BRO'S

American Gros-Grain Silks,

IN BLACK STRIPES,

AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS,

Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

"It STILL WAVES!" The old, original, and only "STAR SPANGLED BANNER," THE FAMILY PAPER of America. It is a paper for THE MILLION. Old and young, rich and poor, saint or sinner, will find it JUST the paper for them. It is a large, illustrated, 40 column paper; 8 pages, *Ledger* size, and filled to overflowing with charming Stories, Tales, Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor and Fun. It makes a *specialty* of "showing up" and exposing Rogues, Rascals, Swindlers, Quacks and Humbugs. IT EXPOSES RASCALITY, and saves money to its readers. Every subscriber, for only $1.00, will receive the BANNER a whole year; and also, FREE GRATIS, and prepaid, a superb PRANG CHROMO, a "BOUQUET OF AUTUMN LEAVES." *Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.* $1.00 a year; 3 months, 15 Cents. Sample SENT FREE. NOW IS THE TIME. AGENTS WANTED. *Now! NOW! NOW!* don't put it off. Address, STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

MOTHERS,

SAVE YOUR

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,

THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents,

15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

SAVE YOUR EYES,

RESTORE your SIGHT,

THROW AWAY YOUR SPECTACLES,

By reading our Illustrated PHYSIOLOGY AND ANATOMY of the EYE-SIGHT. Tells how to Restore Impaired Vision and Overworked Eyes; how to cure Weak, Watery, Inflamed, and Near-Sighted Eyes, and all other Diseases of the Eyes.

WASTE NO MORE MONEY BY ADJUSTING HUGE GLASSES ON YOUR NOSE AND DISFIGURING YOUR FACE. **Pamphlet of 100 pages Mailed Free. Send your address to**

DR. J. BALL & CO., (P. O. Box 957.)

No. 91 Liberty Street, New York City, N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.

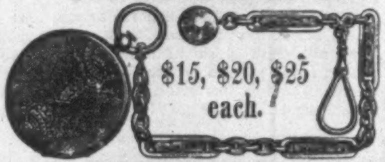
In great demand. A complete success. Water and Chamber Pails, Slop Jars, Spittoons, Milk Pans, Basins, Fruit Dishes, Trays, &c. Durable and cheap. Trade supplied. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St. (Franklin Square), New York City.

I MADE THIS BAG of MONEY in 43 days canvassing for **American Homes,** with Oil Chromo, which all agents can test by writing to CHAS. H. TAYLOR & CO., 61 Cornhill, Boston; or 92 Market St., Chicago. Biggest profit and quickest sales in the field.

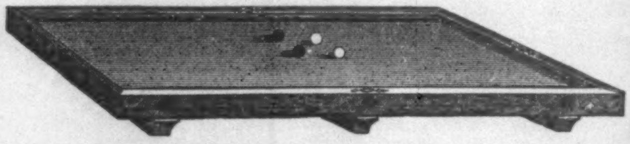
RIBBON MACHINE STAMPS

For every business. DAVIS, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

Collins Metal Watches and Jewelry.



This cut represents the appearance of one of our $25 Watches and $12 Chains, only reduced in size—the watches being the full sizes for Gents, Ladies, and Boys; also, this style Vest Chain, full size and beautiful, $12. These watches, for accuracy of time and in appearance, are fully equal to Gold watches that cost $250. Some of our watches that have been used on Railroads have not varied *one minute* in six months. We manufacture three qualities and three sizes—prices, $15, $20, and $25—all Patent Levers, Full Jeweled, in Hunting Cases, Gents', Ladies', and Boys' sizes. Chains, $2 to $12, according to weight and finish. Every watch is fully guaranteed by a special certificate. When six watches are ordered at one time, we send a *seventh one free.* All kinds of Jewelry of the same elegant Collins Metal. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; or, if Post-Office Orders be sent, they will be sent registered and free by mail. Send a stamp for our Illustrated Circular. The Genuine Collins Watches can only be had of us; we have no Agents. The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction. —*N. Y. Times.* One of the $20 watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them. —*Pomeroy's Democrat.* Address COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, **335 Broadway, N. Y. City.**



BILLIARD TABLES From $20 00.

Full-size Cues, &c.
Club and Saloon Specialties.
Diagram free.
Abbott & Nicholls,
95 Liberty St., N. Y.

BUILDING PAPER

FOR
SHEATHING,
PLASTERING,
ROOFING,
DEAFENING,
AND
CARPET LINING.

Samples and circulars sent free, by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
Chicago; or,
B. E. HALE & CO.,
56 & 58 Park Place, N. Y.,
Sole Ag'ts for Eastern States.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL,

A Weekly Magazine of Popular High-class Literature.

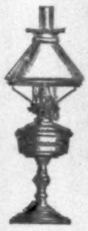
ENLARGED FOR 1873.

Price 10 cents per number; or $4 00 per annum in advance. Subscriptions received for Twelve or Six Months. New Subscribers for 1873, remitting by or before January 1st, will receive the numbers for December, 1872, gratuitously, including an extra Christmas number.

Any person procuring FIVE Yearly Subscriptions for weekly numbers, and remitting $20, will be entitled to a copy for one year *gratis.*

D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers,

549 & 551 BROADWAY, N. Y.



ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, churches, &c.

AGENTS Make $10 a DAY

SELLING THESE LAMPS.

For an Agency, address
WALLACE & SONS,
89 Chambers St., New York.

A GREAT OFFER! JANUARY!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, New York, *will dispose of* **100** *PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of first-class makers, including Waters', at* **extremely low prices for cash,** *during this MONTH. New 7-octave first-class PIANOS, modern improvements, for* **$275** *cash. The CONCERTO PARLOR ORGANS are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. Prices low for cash. Illustrated Catalogues mailed.*

BRIGGS & BRO.
SEEDSMEN & FLORISTS.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ILLUSTRATED WORK for January, 1873, now out. Issued as a Quarterly. The four numbers sent to any address by mail for 25 cents. The richest and most instructive Illustrated and Descriptive Floral Guide ever issued. You will miss it if you order Seeds before seeing BRIGGS & BRO.'S QUARTERLY. We challenge comparison on quality of Seed and prices and sizes of packets. Our "CALENDAR ADVANCE SHEET AND PRICE LIST FOR 1873" sent free.

Address BRIGGS & BROTHER,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Pomeroy's Trusses.

Unrivaled for the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture.
POMEROY & CO., 744 Broadway, New York.

W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of **Guitar** and **Flute.** Agent for *Tilton's Patent Guitars*; the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music, and Strings. Catalogues free. 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

A NATION MOURNS HER HONORED SON.

Song and Quartette to the memory of Horace Greeley. Music by Henry Lucker. Published with vignette, likeness, and autograph of the "good man gone." Price 40 cts., mailed. WM. A. POND & CO., 547 Broadway and 39 Union Square, New York.

DR. EGGLESTON,

The popular author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and "The End of the World," will write a

NEW STORY

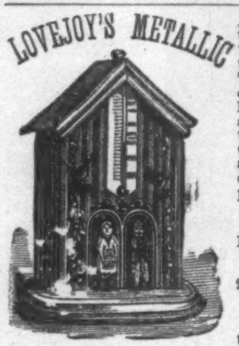
For Boys and Girls, commencing in **January, 1873,** and continuing through the year, in

THE SCHOLAR.

There will be a new department, called **Curious Things,** and Prof. Peabody will write a series entitled the **Microscope Club.** The Magazine will be enlarged to **32 pages.**

Send 10 cents for sample copy. Single subscriptions $1 20 per year. Clubs of 10 or more, 80 cents per year.

Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon Pub. Co., Chicago.



WEATHER HOUSE.

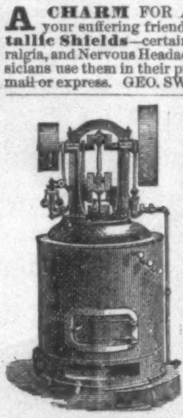
A sure indicator of the changes in the weather, and a pretty mantel ornament. The little man walks out in stormy and the lady in fair weather, and never make mistakes. Price **$2 00** (Two). Sent to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of price, by

Alvan L. Lovejoy,
Proprietor and manufacturer,
229 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON.

Package of one doz. to same address, $20.

Liberal discount to the trade.

A **CHARM** FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT to your suffering friend. A pair of **Patent Metallic Shields**—certain cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Nervous Headaches. Our most eminent physicians use them in their practice. Price $5 per pair, by mail or express. GEO. SWEETSER, 120 Wall St., N. Y.



THE BAXTER ENGINE IS MANUFACTURED BY COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MANUFACTURING Co. Is made interchangeable in all its parts, and consequently is perfect in construction.

It is simple and safe, so that a child may run it.

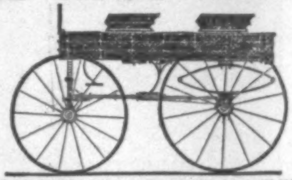
No extra insurance to pay.

It occupies less space and is run up to rated power with less fuel than any known motor. Over 50 are now in use in this city, and hundreds of them in use all over the U.S., and the universal judgment confirms all we claim; and, therefore, we fully guarantee them. For Circulars and Price-List call upon or address WM. D. RUSSELL, 18 Park Place, N. Y.

MATHUSHEK PIANO M'F'G. CO. **New Haven, Conn.**

The most durable pianos.
The most powerful tone.
The finest touch & action.
The purchasers delighted.
The pamphlets sent free.

THE TRADE WAGON.



A WAGON INTENDED FOR GENERAL PURPOSES.

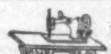
WEIGHS BUT 400 POUNDS.

Is finished ready to paint and trim. Inquire of your carriage-maker, or the ONLY manufacturers,

S. N. BROWN & CO., of Dayton, Ohio.

DRS. REYNOLDS BROTHERS, Surgeon Dentists, 62 West 14th St., New York, have made the study and practice of Dentistry a life work. Painless extraction of teeth.

STAMMERING.—Dr. White's U.S. Stammering Institute, 102 East 26th St., N. Y. References from every State. No pay until cured. Send for circular.



1st Premium at Am. Institute, 1871.

STAMFORD SEWING MACHINE.

The *most quiet* and the *Lightest Running* Shuttle Machine in the world. **Not a Cam, Cog, or Roller.** *No intermediate expenses or profits.* We sell directly to those who retail the machine. Agents wanted.

T. B. BISHOP & CO., Stamford, Conn.

NOVELLO'S
ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION OF
OPERAS.

Complete Vocal Series (containing all the recitatives), with Piano-forte accompaniment; with Italian, German, or French and English words. Published monthly.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR; or, splendidly bound in Scarlet Cloth, gilt edges, $2 00.

NOW READY:

- FIDELIO,
- FRA DIAVOLO,
- DON GIOVANNI,
- NORMA,
- LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,
- LUCREZIA BORGIA,
- IL TROVATORE,
- OBERON,
- IL BARBIERE,
- LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,
- RIGOLETTO,
- SOMNAMBULA,
- DER FREISCHUTZ,
- TANNHAUSER,
- MASANIELLO, $1 50,
- I PURITANI,
- LOHENGRIN.

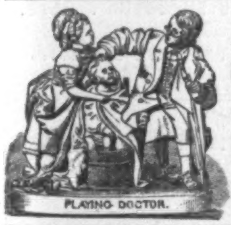
"We, the undersigned, have used Messrs. NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.'S editions of Operas, and have much pleasure in stating that we consider them thoroughly correct and reliable.

(Signed) E. PAREPA ROSA,
CARL ROSA,
CHARLES SANTLEY."

ASK FOR NOVELLO'S EDITIONS.

NOVELLO'S Operas may be had of any music dealer in the country, or direct from the publishers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.,
No. 751 Broadway, New York.


PLAYING DOCTOR.

ROGERS'
GROUPS OF
STATUARY.

Playing Doctor—a group of children, just completed. Price $15. Inclose stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

TWO GOOD BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERIC HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

This is the only complete history of the newspaper press of America which has yet appeared; and it is not too much to say that it thoroughly exhausts the subject. With keen and indefatigable interest, the author has explored public and private libraries, ransacked files of old newspapers, yellow and faded and dim with age, and, in short, has laid every available source of information under contribution in search of material for this work. Himself a journalist of great ability and long experience, Mr. Hudson is probably the fittest man living for the work he has undertaken. The material has been growing under his hand during many years' research and investigation, and the completed work presents an immense amount of varied and entertaining information on a subject in which every intelligent American reader feels a personal interest.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Profusely Illustrteda with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00. (Uniform in style with *Reclus's Earth.*)

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

Over 15,000,000 square feet now in use.

H.W. JOHNS'
ASBESTOS
ROOFING

For steep or flat Roofs, in all climates.

Asbestos Roof Coating,
For restoring old Tin, Felt, and Shingle Roofs.

ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING,
The best non-conductor, and the lightest and most economical covering for Hot-Air and Steam Pipes, Boilers, Oil Stills, &c., whether housed or exposed to the weather.

These materials are prepared ready for use, and can be easily applied by any one.

ROOFING and SHEATHING FELTS, ASBESTOS BOARD, ASBESTOS PAPER, ASBESTOS, ASPHALTUM, &c.

Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, Terms to Dealers, &c.

H. W. JOHNS,
{*Established* in 1858.} New Offices, 87 MAIDEN LANE, cor. GOLD STREET, New York.

PRICE $290.
U.S.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.

$8 to $15 A Day actually made by Agents selling Jacob's Patent Family Scissors Sharpeners. The only practical Sharpener in the market. Agents wanted every where. Sample Sharpener and terms sent by mail for 25 cents. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

MAHOGANY,
ROSEWOOD, FRENCH WALNUT, SATIN WOOD, HUNGARIAN ASH, CEDAR, &c.

Large and Choice Stock Foreign and Domestic Woods, in

VENEERS, BOARDS, AND PLANK.

Imported and manufactured by
GEORGE W. READ & CO.,
Office, Mill, and Yard, 186 to 200 Lewis St., cor. 6th, E. R.
Branch Salesrooms, 170 and 172 Centre St., N. Y.

☞ Send for Catalogue and Price-List.

No Cords or Balances Used.
For Sale by Upholsterers.

HARTSHORN'S
SELF ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11th '64.

486 Broadway, Cor. Broome Street, N. Y. City.

MODELS AND TERMS
Sent to the Trade.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
PRINCESSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOLMAN SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
DOUBLE TALMA, APRON-FRONT AND LONG WALKING SKIRT	" 41
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, WORTH OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 43
GIRL'S PRINCESSE POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 46
DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 46
VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 48
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt	" 50
DOLMAN MANTLE WALKING SUIT	" 51

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The best terms offered. AGENTS WANTED for Explorations in

AFRICA

Dr. Livingstone discovered. The **HERALD-STANLEY** Expedition complete. Large octavo now ready. Outfit $1.00. UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Phila., or Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
Prof. FOWLER'S Great Work

ON MANHOOD, WOMANHOOD, AND THEIR MUTUAL INTERRELATIONS: LOVE, ITS LAWS, POWER, &c. Send for specimen pages and circulars, with terms. Address

NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

HUDSON'S HISTORY OF JOURNALISM. Journalism in the United States, from 1690 to 1872. By FREDERICK HUDSON. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. With an Introduction by the Rev. P. SCHAFF, D.D. 618 pp., Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

This work embraces in one volume:

ON A FRESH REVISION OF THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's, and Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. Second Edition, Revised.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT in connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

RECLUS'S OCEAN. The Ocean, Atmosphere, and Life. Being the Second Series of a Descriptive History of the Life of the Globe. By ÉLISÉE RECLUS. Illustrated with 250 Maps or Figures, and 27 Maps printed in Colors. 8vo, Cloth, $6 00.

Uniform with "*THE EARTH*," by ÉLISÉE RECLUS.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. *Second Series.* 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

Uniform with the *First Series of Talmage's Sermons.*

SCIENCE FOR THE YOUNG.

FORCE. Being Vol. IV. of *Science for the Young*, by JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HEAT.—LIGHT.—WATER AND LAND.—FORCE. 4 vols. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each.

BOOKS FOR GIRLS. Written or Edited by the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY.—THE COUSIN FROM INDIA.—TWENTY YEARS AGO.—IS IT TRUE?—AN ONLY SISTER.

NORDHOFF'S CALIFORNIA. California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travelers and Settlers. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. *Seventh Thousand just ready.* Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $2 00; Cloth, $2 50.

The New Novels
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE WANDERING HEIR. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cts.; Cloth, 60 cts.

MIDDLEMARCH. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, $3 50.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "Love or Marriage?" "In Silk Attire," "The Monarch of Mincing-Lane," "Kilmeny," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

DR. WAINWRIGHT'S PATIENT. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," "Land at Last," "Wrecked in Port," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Cecil's Tryst," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," "Found Dead," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. With Original English and American Illustrations by Thomas Nast, W. L. Sheppard, Thomas Worth, C. S. Reinhart, J. Barnard, J. Mahoney, and others.

The following volumes are now ready:

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations by J. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With 54 Illustrations by Thomas Worth. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

DAVID COPPERFIELD. With Portrait of Author and 61 Illustrations by J. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

DOMBEY AND SON. With 52 Illustrations by W. L. Sheppard. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

$100. SAN DIEGO $100.

THE COMING CITY OF THE PACIFIC.
TERMINUS OF THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILWAY.
A SPLENDID CITY LOT IN SAN DIEGO,
The Railroad Centre of the Pacific Coast, for

$100.

Perfect Title. Warrantee Deeds. Pamphlets and Maps gratis.

W. H. FRANCIS,
San Diego Land Agency, 187 Broadway, N. Y.

SAVE YOUR EYES!
Throw Away Your Spectacles!

Avoid a surgical operation by reading our Illustrated "PHYSIOLOGY OF THE EYE AND SIGHT" and Near-Sightedness. It treats on Impaired Vision, Weak, Watery, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, and the worst disorders of the Eye. Mailed free to any address by

New York College of Health,
BOX 840 P.O. 165 & 167 BROADWAY, N.Y.

$250 A MONTH, $250.
WE WANT 10,000 AGENTS,
Male or Female,

To make the above amount, selling BRIDE'S COMBINATION NEEDLE CASE & PORTE-MONNAIE. This is an article of absolute necessity with every lady, and pays a large profit. For Circular and Terms address

Pittsburgh Supply Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.
An Elegantly Bound Canvassing Book for the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains nearly **500** fine Scripture illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, &c., and we will show you what our agents are doing, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS, WANTED General and special, *urged* to send for sample and circular of "PEOPLE'S MONTHLY," Pittsburgh, Pa. They'll *astonish*. *Best, cheapest*, and *most beautiful illustrated* 16-page paper for the *home* published *any where*. Popular from Maine to Texas—takes on sight—quickest sales and biggest pay of *any paper going*. New type, new "heads," tinted paper, and superb illustrations. No mean, shabby humbug, but fine, elegant, and *crowded* with the freshest contributions. Only **$1 50** per year. Three months' trial, only 25 cents, including the splendid Christmas number (24 pages). Chromos, engravings, and premiums liberal as any. Agents, it costs nothing to sample it.

WOODWARD'S COUNTRY HOMES.
150 DESIGNS and PLANS for Houses of moderate cost.
$1 50, postpaid.
ORANGE JUDD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, 245 Broadway, N. Y.
☞ Send for Catalogue of all the best books on Architecture, Agriculture, Field Sports, & the Horse.

$30 PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every County in the U.S. Address *Hudson River Wire Co.*, 130 Maiden Lane, N.Y., or Chicago, Ill.

HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out.—Mustache and Whiskers in **42** days. This GREAT SECRET and 100 others. Gamblers' Tricks, Cardiology, Ventriloquism, all in the ORIGINAL "**Book of Wonders.**" Mailed for 25 cents. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Illinois.

EMPLOYMENT—**$10** to **$20** A DAY!—We wish to employ GENTLEMEN and LADIES to solicit orders for the CELEBRATED IMPROVED BUCKEYE SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINE. **Price $20.** *Stitch alike on both sides.* It will *stitch, hem, fell, tuck, cord, bind, braid, gather, and ruffle*, and sew from THE FINEST NANSOOK TO BEAVER OVERCOATINGS AND LEATHER. *Extra inducements to persons acquainted with the business.* For particulars, address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

BOOK AGENTS, and other Canvassers now at work, can learn how to increase their income $18 a week (*sure*), without interfering with their regular Canvassing by addressing F. N. REED, 139 Eighth St., N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED for Great Fires of History. Chicago, Boston, N. York, London, etc. Causes. Systems of Extinguishing Fire. Safes, Fire Proof Buildings, Bank Vaults, Insurance, &c. Thrilling, Humorous, Pathetic. *Illustrated. Going like Hot Cakes.* Address Worthington, Dustin & Co., Hartford, Ct.

$325 A MONTH and expenses to good Canvassers. Samples free. Address H. G. DEAN, New Bedford, Mass.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BIG MONEY! AGENTS' outfit free. J. R. HOLCOMB, Mallet Creek, O.

TO THE WORKING CLASS, male or female, $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods to start with sent free by mail. Address, with 6-cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Courtlandt St., New York.

MONEY Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD M'F'G CO., 66 Fulton St., N. Y.

$72 EACH WEEK—Agents wanted. Business legitimate. J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

$475 A MONTH to good canvassers—articles new and as staple as flour. Samples free, C. M. LININGTON, Chicago.

100-YEAR ALMANAC.—For **50** cts. we send *postpaid* an Almanac giving every Year, Month, Week, and Day of the Century, also a Pocket Calendar for 1873. Extra inducements to Agents. Address **George A. Heard & Co.,** Boston, Mass.

SCROFULA, and all diseases of the Skin and Blood, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Debility, &c., speedily cured at the Western Medical Institute, 137 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O., with *no charge* for treatment to responsible persons until cured. Send for free circular of advice.

RIVERVIEW Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A thorough-going school for boys.

Read! Read! *The Young Mothers' Book.* Ask newsag'ts.

---

12 SAMPLES sent by mail for 50c. that retail quick for $10. R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Square, N. Y.

HOLIDAYS

are drawing near! and those intending useful GIFTS for ANY of their FRIENDS, whether Men, Women, Boys or Girls, could not bestow one that would be BETTER appreciated than a

NOVELTY PRINTING PRESS

Send for a descriptive, illustrated Pamphlet, containing the various Agents' addresses, to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 349—351 Federal & 152 Kneeland-st's, Boston.

No suspension of Business on account of Fire!

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR,	One Year	4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy.*

The *Postage* on the Magazine, within the United States, is 24 cents a year; on the Weekly and Bazar, 20 cents a year, payable at the office where received. Subscribers in Canada must send 24 cents for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. When no date is specified, it is understood that the subscription for the Magazine begins with the current Volume; for the Weekly or Bazar, with the Number next after the date of the order.

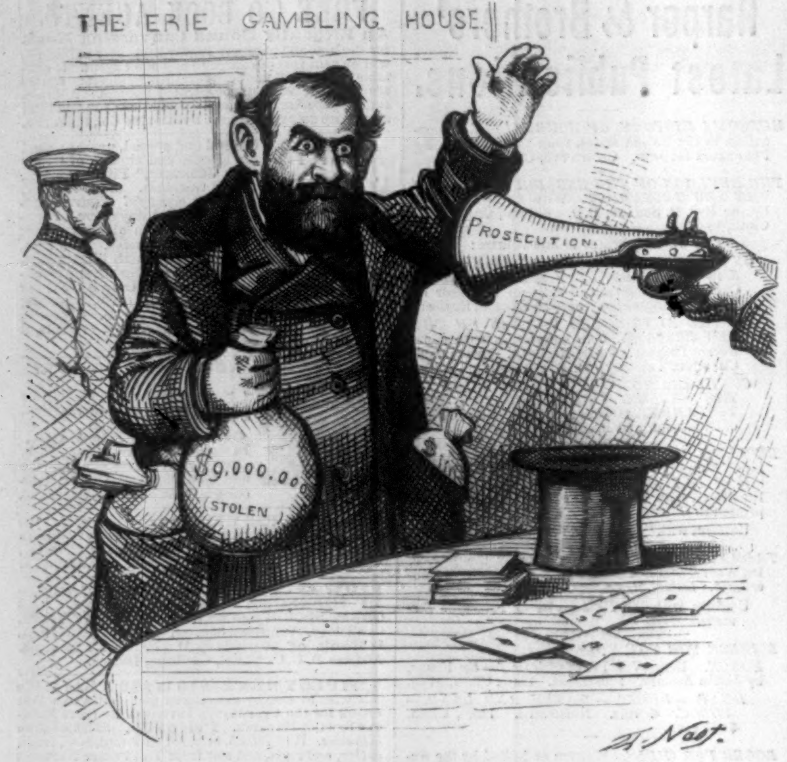
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



HONOR AMONG ——.

JAY GOULD. "For the Sake of Peace!"

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
51,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

WE BELIEVE
OUR STOCK OF
PORCELAIN, POTTERY,
GLASS,
AND
FANCY GOODS
Is the best ever exhibited in New York, and invite an inspection.
DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
747 BROADWAY, near 8th St., N. Y.

HENRY CAPT,
Of GENEVA,
Now has a beautiful assortment of Watches and Traveling Clocks, of his own make, at
No. 23 Union Square, New York.
E. LOUPPE, Agent.

TO BOOK CANVASSERS.
A new way of running a book. Can sell thousands per week. Address MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING CO., 129 East 28th St., N. Y. City.

UNION ADAMS & CO.
Have manufactured, expressly for the present
HOLIDAY SEASON,
House Coats,
Smoking Jackets,
Robes de Chambre,
Railway Rugs,
Traveling Shawls,
Silk and Merino
UNDERWEAR.
Gloves in every style,
Including
Buttons, Buttoners, and Cleaners.
REVILLON AND CHASSEUR BRACES.
Silk and Cashmere Mufflers,
Linen & Silk Handkerchiefs,
With Initials and Monograms.
London and Paris
Sleeve-Buttons, Studs, and Charms.
Umbrellas and Canes,
&c., &c., &c.,
ELEGANT for PRESENTS.

637 BROADWAY.

TO INVESTORS.

To those who wish to **reinvest January Coupons or Dividends,** and those who wish to **increase their income** from means already invested in other less profitable securities, we recommend the Seven-Thirty Gold Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company as well secured and unusually productive.

The bonds are always convertible at Ten per cent. premium (1.10) into the Company's Lands at Market Prices. The Rate of Interest (seven and three-tenths per cent. gold) is equal now to about 8¼ currency—yielding an income more than one-third greater than U. S. 5-20s. Gold Checks for the semi-annual interest on the Registered Bonds are mailed to the Post-Office address of the owner. All marketable stocks and bonds are received in exchange for Northern Pacifics ON MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND WASHINGTON.
Financial Agents Northern Pacific R. R. Co.

SHIRTS.
J. W. Johnston,
260 GRAND STREET, New York,

Also, Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods. Six superior Dress Shirts made to measure, of Wamsutta XX muslin, for $15 and upward, according to the linen.
☞ Six fine Dress Shirts of Masonville Muslin for $12.
☞ Six good " " Harris " " $9.

To gentlemen residing outside of New York a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurements in inches: Size of Collar worn; measure from centre of Shoulder along arm to Knuckle of small finger; around Chest, Waist, and Wrist. State number of Plaits; if for Studs, Spirals, or Buttons; style of Cuff.
☞ The Trade supplied with Dress Shirts to Order.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"

DOMESTIC
DOMESTIC

Presents a record of success unparalleled in the history of Sewing Machines. Send for Illustrated Price List.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., New York.

Musical Boxes

In rich inlaid Rosewood and other fine Cases—ALL SIZES, STYLES, and PRICES—playing from one tune to over one hundred tunes. Accompaniments of Bells, Drums, Castanets, and Voix Celeste.

Call and see the largest stock ever exhibited in this country. Send for Circular and Price-List.

MUSICAL BOXES REPAIRED by skillful workmen.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
NEW YORK FIRESIDE COMPANION.
The Great Story Paper of America, and the Best Popular, Illustrated, Family Newspaper.
Splendid Announcements for 1873.
A NEW STORY BY EDMUND YATES,
ENTITLED,
A BAD LOT.
Humorous Articles by Petroleum V. Nasby.
A NEW STORY BY OLIVER OPTIC.
ARTICLES FOR WOMEN
BY EMILY FAITHFULL AND ELIZABETH DUDLEY.

These distinguished authors, with the following list of old favorites, who have made the FIRESIDE COMPANION heretofore so popular, have all been engaged for the new year:

Mrs. Sumner Hayden,
Clara Percy,
Mary Grace Halpine,
Elizabeth Dudley,
Lucy Randall Comfort,
J. W. Mackey,
Captain Carleton,
S. W. Pearce,
Bricktop,
G. L. Aiken,
Tony Pastor,
John Elderkin.

A SERIES OF SHORT ARTICLES BY POPULAR AMERICAN WRITERS.

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES ON PARLOR GAMES AND HOME AMUSEMENTS,

Parlor Theatricals, Charades, Magical Delusions, Scientific Experiments, Legerdemain, Divining Oracles, Card Games, etc., including all that is humorous, droll, and amusing, in the whole range of games.

During 1873 the FIRESIDE COMPANION will contain **More New and Powerful Continued Stories** than have ever appeared in any American paper. Our arrangements for the new year surpass all previous efforts; the vastly increased circulation of THE FIRESIDE COMPANION enabling us to complete our engagements upon a scale of unexampled liberality.

Short Stories, Sketches, Poetry and Biography; Answers to Correspondents, Humorous Articles, Reading for the Little Folks, Fashionable Chit-Chat for the Ladies, and other interesting departments, will be maintained without regard to expense.

We endeavor to make THE FIRESIDE COMPANION the best, most useful, and most desirable paper in America.

OUR TERMS FOR 1873.—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

One Year—Single Copy.....................$3 00
One Year—Two Copies.....................5 00
One Year—Four Copies ($2.50 each).......$10 00
One Year—Eight Copies.....................20 00

Those sending $20 for a Club of Eight, all sent at one time, will be entitled to a copy FREE. Getter up of Clubs can afterward add single copies at $2.50 each. Specimen copies sent free.

GEORGE MUNRO, Publisher, 84 Beekman Street, New York.

THE
(ORIGINAL)
Continental Life Insurance Co.,
Of HARTFORD, CONN.
INCORPORATED, MAY, 1862.
SAM'L E. ELMORE, *President.*
JOHN S. RICE, *Vice-President.*
FRANCIS D. DOUGLASS, *Secretary.*
H. R. MORLEY, *Actuary.*

The CONTINENTAL especially commends itself, by its past experience and present management, to those who desire to place their insurance in a conservative company, conducted on the principle of furnishing *reliable and absolute insurance* at as *reasonable cost* as is consistent with *perfect security.*

☞ A few first-class Agents wanted for unoccupied fields.

"Best in the Market."
ASHWORTH'S
SIX-CORD
SPOOL COTTON.
SOLD BY
The GROVER & BAKER Sewing-Machine Company.
ALEX. KING & Co., Agents, New York.

CELEBRATED
REMINGTONS.
281 Broadway, New York.
Send for Illustrated Price-List.

STECK
GRAND, SQUARE, & UPRIGHT
PIANOS
ARE
THE CHEAPEST
BECAUSE THE
Best and Most Durable.
WAREROOMS, 25 East 14th St., N. Y.

Opera Glasses

Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.
Part 1st. Mathematical Instruments.... 153 pages
" 2d. Optical Instruments.......... 107 "
" 3d. Stereopticons................ 90 "
" 4th. Physical Apparatus.......... 66 "

JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
535 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Philada.

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR.
Send a stamp for the new price-list.
HARTZ CONJURING REPOSITORY, 743 Broadway, New York; also at 850 Broadway, near 14th Street.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List.] **Baltimore, Md.**

ACCIDENTS. Insure in the TRAVELERS, of Hartford.

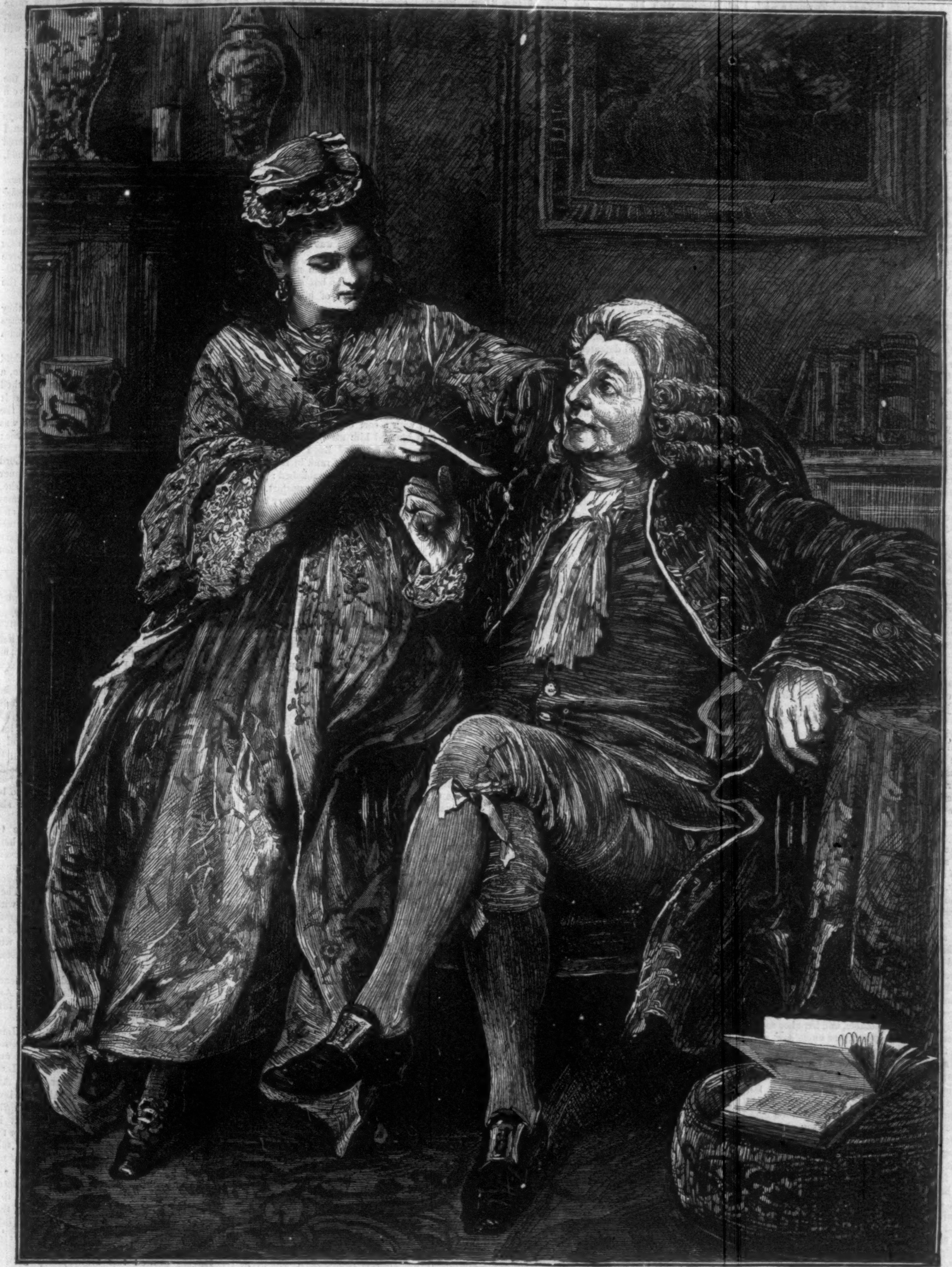
BECKWITH SEWING-MACHINE, IMPROVED, $12. On 30 days' trial. Sent on receipt of $12. Money refunded if desired, less Express charges, on return of machine. 26 West Broadway, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The popularity of *M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL,
Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

C 100 NATIONAL CURRENCY UNITED STATES NEW YORK 100 C per week is being made by good agents. Address MURRAY HILL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 129 East 28th Street, New York.



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"Philippa brought it to Mr. Chester, and coolly putting her arm round his neck, as if their attachment had never been interrupted, she said, 'Uncle dear, please you read that.' So he smiled, well pleased at being 'Uncle deared' again all of a sudden; and he read the letter. 'Well,' said he, 'at all events it will end his suspense and yours.'"—Chapter IX.

[Continued from No. 837, Page 46.]

THE WANDERING HEIR.

Vixere fortes ante Ortŏna.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

M'Kercher now got leases signed by James Annesley, and put his lessees into possession of several farms in Meath. Anglesey ousted them by force, and Campbell Craig, one of the tenants so ousted, who was a tool of M'Kercher's, served a writ of ejectment on Lord Anglesey in the Irish Court of Exchequer. This brought the matter to an issue, and the cause was set down for trial. Though the actual property in litigation was small, all the Irish estates of Lord Anglesey depended on the verdict in Craig *vs.* Anglesey: of that the parties were agreed.

But meantime James Annesley had fallen into deep dejection of spirits. The malicious prosecution had done him good; it had stirred up his resistance; but, now a jury had acquitted him, he could not forgive himself for having killed a man.

M'Kercher comforted him, rallied him, but all in vain. He actually wanted to drop the proceedings against Lord Anglesey. "He will beat me," said he: "I shall never thrive. I have shed innocent blood."

M'Kercher was first sorry, then angry, then alarmed. He wrote seriously to Philippa about him, and she wrote back directly, "Send him to me."

In anticipation of his arrival, Philippa made Mr. Chester buy James a horse; and she had a riding-dress made so masculine that she could speak her mind more freely in it. She had also a country dress for walking made; and, when he came, she encountered his Melancholy point-blank with Hilarity. "Your spirits want a *philip*, Sir," said she, "and I must give them one." She rode with him, she walked huge walks with him, she would not let him mope or pine. She was Philip one moment, all vivacity and cheerfulness; Philippa the next, all tenderness; and neither out of place. Her resolution, with her wit and her tenderness, attacked his despondency with so many weapons, and such minute pertinacity, that at last she drove the dark cloud away, and the man plucked up heart again to fight his enemies, and love his sweetheart as she deserved: and here I can not help observing that, if this man's misfortunes were almost unparalleled, so his good fortune, in finding so rare a woman as this to love him, was almost as singular. I believe that, at this juncture, she saved him from the mad-house. Well, she had her reward; she saw the color creep back to the beloved cheek, the brilliancy to the dull eye: she saw the shapely head held up again, and at last she heard the beloved tongue bless her for what she had done.

And now I really think they would have been married, but for Thomas Chester. He had been for some time growing rather cold to young Annesley; but, seeing him so downhearted, had not spoken his mind: but he now took an opportunity, and had it out with him. He said, "Mr. Annesley, if you had come to me as a poor gentleman of no pretensions, I think I should have said to you, 'Show yourself willing to make a livelihood, and you shall have my niece, since matters have gone so far between you.' But you call yourself the son of Lord and Lady Altham, and others say you are not so, for my lady never had a son."

"I assure you, Sir, on my honor—"

"And I assure you, on my honor, that you do not remember the circumstances of your birth, any more than I do mine. Therefore, Sir, by the kindness that is between us, I beg of you not to abuse your influence with my niece, by urging her to marry you, unless you can make good your pretensions. I could show you it would be unwise to take any other course, on account of the singular powers Mr. Hanway and myself possess under her father's will: but I prefer to appeal first to your honor and delicacy."

James Annesley replied, with perfect dignity: "Mr. Chester, after the stain that has fallen on me, I have never asked my dear Philippa to marry me; but, since you offer her to me on condition that I can prove my birth before a jury of my countrymen, I take you at your word; and so be it. And, Sir, I bear you no ill-will for this. You are an honest man, and Philippa's true friend, and to be her friend is to be mine."

"That is very handsomely said, young man," said Mr. Chester.

Annesley thought over this for an hour or two; and after dinner, he burst out before Philippa: "Sir, you have roused me from my lethargy. I value Philippa's hand more than I do the lands and title I have been robbed of. I shall start for Ireland to-morrow."

"So soon?" said Philippa.

"Ay, sweet one," said he: "and, if I am not the true Earl of Anglesey, I will never trouble you again, nor your good uncle."

Philippa turned pale, and knit her black brows at Mr. Chester. "Uncle," said she, "you have been saying something to him."

"No more than my own conscience says to me," replied Annesley, before the old lawyer could speak a word.

James Annesley stood firm, and parted from Philippa tenderly, but hopefully, next day.

Philippa was inconsolable, and kept her room.

When she did reappear, her uncle saw, with regret, that he had lost her affection.

She scarcely spoke to him, never volunteered a remark, and treated him with a bitter coldness that distressed him. However, he felt sure he had done his duty, and his niece would see that, too, some day. So he remained firm. But he was uncomfortable, to say the least. She went about the house pale and gloomy, knitting her magnificent brows, and never speaking nor smiling, except when she got a letter from James, and then it was as if the dead had come to life; ardent kisses on the paper, eager devouring of the contents, eyes streaming; and then away to some secret place, to read it again all alone.

At last he made an appeal to her one day. He said, gently: "Philippa, let me ask thee a question. Dost thou really think Thomas Chester is thine enemy?"

The girl hesitated, and then said, "Why, n-n-no."

"Thou knowest he is not, but loved thy father dearly, and loveth thee. Then would it not become thy years to say, 'This is an old, experienced man, who loves me. Let me not condemn him hastily, lest I fight against my own good.'"

The sullen eyes began to fill at that: but never a word.

However, he said no more; for he saw the shaft had gone home.

But two days after this came a letter, to say that the trial, after several postponements, was to be that day month, by special appointment; and that M'Kercher was hopeful, though not confident. The assassination, or spiriting away of Higgins, with his notes, the fruit of two months' research, was very unfortunate.

The letter had been a week coming.

Philippa brought it to Mr. Chester, and coolly putting her arm round his neck, as if their attachment had never been interrupted, she said, "Uncle dear, please you read that."

So he smiled, well pleased at being "Uncle deared" again all of a sudden; and he read the letter. "Well," said he, "at all events it will end his suspense and yours."

"Uncle dear," said the young lady, "you asked me, did I doubt your affection? Well, of course you can not love as *he* doth; but I do think you love me a little, in your way. But that I shall soon know; for I shall put it to the proof. Uncle dear, if you love me, go with me straightway to—Dublin."

He started, and then said, "That is as if you should say, 'Sweet Uncle—I know you love me—take me into the pit of torment.'"

"Oh, fie! fie!"

"What else is Litigation? If I take you to Dublin, you will be every day in Court, as you were at the Old Bailey, sore against my wish: and here 'twill be ten times worse; for you will hear him taunted by counsel, and exposed by a score of witnesses, and defeated in the end."

The young lady smiled superbly. "Uncle," said she, "you are learned in the law, no doubt; but most unlearned in women's hearts: each word you have spoken is a chain of steel, and draws me to Dublin by the heart. Had you but said, 'He will surely win, and can be happy without thee for a time,' I had yielded: but when you tell me he shall be defeated and shamed over there, then am I here on hot coals, and can not bide. Know that I love him, as men methinks can not love. I grudge him no triumph all to himself, no solitary joy. But trouble—and I not have my part! shame—and I not blush with him! Nay, but I tell you, not one sup of grief, sorrow, shame, or any mortal ill, shall *ever* reach his lips but I *will* have my share on't, by the God that made me; ay, made me for no other use that I know of but to console my darling, that is the very pearl of goodness, and the butt of misfortune from his birth."

She clasped her hands with angelic fervor, and was gone, with the words.

The old lawyer looked after her admiringly but sadly. "She is too good to last," thought he. "I fear she is like her father, and will ne'er make old bones." Then he fell into one of the long reveries a thoughtful old man is subject to, since the past offers a larger landscape to him than to the young.

He had been thus an hour and more, when in came a swift foot; he looked up, and there stood—Philip, in the very clothes he had last worn at Wilmington; he had put on, with them, his old audacity, with which, however, a hot blush was doing battle.

"Now, Uncle," said he, sharply, "how is it to be? Will you go to Dublin with Philippa, that is a poor timid creature, afraid of men, and mice, and every thing, or shall Philip go alone? Philip, that fears naught, and feels like Alexander the Great at this moment; the Lord be praised for doublet and hose."

Mr. Chester interrupted her. "Thou brazen toad, come hither, and let me look at thee. What! is this indeed the disguise thou didst prank thyself in out there?"

"Ay, Uncle, and will again—if you are unkind. Come now, old man. Time flies. How is't to be?"

Mr. Chester uttered a groan of resignation. "Needs must, when such as you drive," said he. "Go you up stairs this minute, and doff that masquerade. To-morrow we will set forth, and be in Dublin this day week, God willing."

CHAPTER X.

PHILIPPA was welcomed with surprise and rapture by James Annesley.

M'Kercher wore a blank look, that did not escape Philippa, but he recovered himself, and was rather violent in his expressions of satisfaction. Nevertheless, his original face of utter dismay imprinted itself on her memory, and puzzled her for some time. She told him she should be present at the trial. He assented, with a great show of warmth, and, having assented, began to raise one objection after another.

"It will be the longest trial ever known."

"No longer for me than for him."

"The Court will be crowded to suffocation."

"What strangers can bear, I can."

"'Twill be a bitter fight this time."

She did not deign a reply.

"'Tis pity you should hear him taunted by their counsel and their witnesses."

"I have borne to hear him charged with murder."

"There will be hard swearing: they have forty witnesses."

"When I know all that malice can say against him, then I shall be the better able to comfort him."

Her face, with its native power and indomitable resolution, lent double effect to her words. M'Kercher gave in, and said, with a sort of admiring sigh, "Och, sure thin, go which way it will, he's a lucky man."

She was too lofty to affect to misunderstand him. She said, simply, "It is the one piece of good fortune in his hard, his cruel lot;" and then a gentle tear stole down the lovely cheek, and M'Kercher was subdued entirely, and, keeping his misgivings to himself, made it his business to get her and Thomas Chester excellent seats at the trial. It was one of great expectation. When Philippa entered the Court, a very large and commodious one, the floor was already crowded with the public, and before she had been there ten minutes—for she went early—all the seats about the bench and below the bench were filled with Irish peers, and peeresses, gorgeously dressed, and the gallery crowded with citizens and their wives.

Presently the Claimant entered with his friends; not dressed in black, as at the last trial, but in a rich suit of purple velvet, and a gold sword-hilt. He wore an air of composure, but Philippa could see that he was flushed with excitement.

A sort of doubtful murmur ran round the Court when he took his seat; but several of the ladies whispered in favor of his personal appearance, which indeed was captivating.

Lord Anglesey and his friends came in soon after, and he took his seat; but first he looked round the Court, and exchanged bows with all the most distinguished persons present.

His eyes and James Annesley's met, and James turned a little pale at the sight of this implacable foe. He remembered the day he was kidnapped. The Earl, more self-possessed, stared at him with a sort of over-looking air; and after that ignored him utterly. The general feeling was in favor of Lord Anglesey. They were great worshipers of rank in Ireland, and his Lordship's rank was established: the chances were, this Claimant was an upstart.

Every thing betokened an extraordinary battle. The prodigious number and various dresses of the witnesses on both sides, and the number of counsel engaged, thirteen for the Claimant, led by Mr. Marshall, second Sergeant, and fifteen for the defendant, led by prime Sergeant Malone, the ablest counselor of that day, either in Ireland or England.

And now the judges were announced. Hooped dresses rustled as that brilliant assembly rose, and no less than three judges entered, in their scarlet and ermine, to sit on this important trial.

The jury was called: they were all gentlemen of good position; there was a baronet and a right honorable among them; and the only objection to any of them was that a couple had unexpired leases under Lord Anglesey. M'Kercher, however, declined to object to them on that score. Their swords were girded on them in Court, and the trial began.

Mr. Sergeant Marshall opened the case of the Plaintiff's lessor, which I shall ask leave to call the Claimant's case.

It was one that lent itself to a rhetorical opening; but the learned Sergeant took the other great line; in a speech which is worth study as a model of condensation, and strong sobriety, he articulated his topics, and marshaled an army of facts to prove—1, that James Annesley was the son of Lord and Lady Altham; 2, that the Defendant had kidnapped him and sent him out of the country, and, failing in that attempt to get rid of him, compassed his death in London, by a prosecution, the character of which he should not describe, but leave it to the witnesses.

But able speeches of Counsel are no rarity, and this trial offered something not only rare, but marvelous; two piles of evidence, each as high as a tower, and each contradicting the other in nearly all the particulars directly affecting the issue.

They proved by *Mrs. Cole*, and by two servants, that in 1714 Lady Altham had expectation of offspring, and *Mrs. Heath*, her gentlewoman, knew it.

They then advanced a step, and proved by *John Turner*, seneschal to successive Earls of Anglesey, that, in the spring of 1715, Lady Altham was manifestly expecting her confinement; and a year or so after he saw her teaching a child to walk. By *Bartholomew Furlong*, a peasant farmer: That in 1715 her condition was notorious; that, as ladies of rank never nursed their own children, he applied personally to Lord and Lady Altham for his wife to be the nurse, and came to terms with them, subject to Dr. Brown's approval. But Dr. Brown did not approve of Mrs. Furlong. This was confirmed by *Dennis Redmond*, a groom at Dunmaine, 1714–16, who said the doctor selected for wet-nurse *Joan Landy*, a cleanly bright girl, that lived on Lord Altham's land.

By *Dennis Redmond*.—That early in the summer of 1715 *Mrs. Heath* sent him to Ross—three miles from Dunmaine—to fetch Mrs. Shiel, a professional person, since dead; and he brought Mrs. Shiel to Dunmaine on a pillion, and that same day a son was born.

By *Joan Laffan*, a chamber-maid.—That she was in the *house* when this son was born.

By *Mary Doyle* and *Elinor Murphy*.—That they were in the *room* when this son was born.

By *Captain Fitzgerald*.—That he, being quartered at Ross, Lord Altham asked him to dinner, and to *tap the groaning drink*. (What we call caudle.) That he came to Dunmaine House, saw the baby in the nurse's arms, and gave her half a guinea. Had seen the same nurse in court that day. "I took notice of her, Sir, because she was very handsome, if you will have the truth of it."

By *Alderman Barnes*, of Ross.—That Lord Altham dined with him in Ross, on the Alderman's return from a visit, and said over the bottle, "Tom, I'll tell you good news. I've a son by Moll Sheffield." Whereupon he shook his head in disapproval. "Zoons, man!" says my Lord, "Why, she's my wife!" "Then I begged his Lordship's pardon, for I remembered my Lady Altham was daughter to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham."

Redmond, *Doyle*, *Murphy*, and *Laffan*, servants in the house at the time, and *Christopher Brown*, servant to Anthony Cliff, at Ross, swore to the subsequent christening, accompanied with a bonfire, and such carousing that some of them were *drunk in the ditches to the next morning*. They all named as the sponsors three persons who were since dead, Anthony Colclough, Counselor Cliff, Madame Pigot, and the clergyman, dead too.

To cure this excess of death in part, they proved by *Southwell Pigot*, Esq., it was always received in the Pigot family that Lady Altham had a child.

They proved by *Joan Laffan* that this child was nursed by *Joan Landy* at her own house, a cabin; and that the said cabin was embellished on this occasion, and a coach-road made to it by which Lady Altham went daily to see the child. That in due time Master James was weaned, and then came into Dunmaine House; and there she, Laffan, was his dry-nurse, and sole attendant. That in February, 1716, Lord and Lady Altham parted in an angry manner about Tom Palliser, "whose ear," said she, coolly, "I saw cut off," and Master James pointed to the blood on the floor. Laffan and Redmond both swore that they saw the actual parting; and Lady Altham cried, and begged to have James. But Lord Altham would not let her.

This witness went on and swore that Lady Altham retired to Ross, and the Dunmaine servants took James to her clandestinely, which was confirmed by *Lutwych*, a shoe-maker, at Ross, who swore Lady Altham ordered child's shoes of him and bemoaned herself. "I had better be the wife of the poorest tradesman in Ross, for then I could see my child every day; but now I can only see him by stealth."

To conclude their evidence about the deceased Lady Altham they followed her to Dublin, and *John Walsh*, Esq., swore she had cried to him over her husband's cruelty, but had thanked God "for an indulgent father and a promising young son, who would be a prop to her old age;" and *Mrs. Hodgers*, who let lodgings in Dublin, deposed to a solitary conversation, in which Lady Altham, finding her to be English, gossiped with her, and told her she had a son.

They followed James from Dunmaine to Kinna, Carrickduffe, and other places where Lord Altham had resided, and proved by several witnesses he had been always dressed, powdered, booted, and horsed like a nobleman's son till he was more than ten years of age. Then they proved Lord Altham's entanglement with Miss Gregory, and also his poverty, to account in some degree for the boy being deserted at that time. In proof of his poverty, one witness swore that *when he kept hounds one hound would eat another*.

They then opened a vein of indirect evidence founded on the words and deeds of Lord Anglesey, the Defendant. They grafted this into the case very neatly, thus:

They proved by several witnesses that Lord Anglesey was constantly in communication with Lord Altham, and often at Dunmaine and other places, and they made it clear that Lord Anglesey knew for certain whether James Annesley was or was not his brother Altham's lawful son. This done, they proved by *Laffan* that she knew Defendant well, and that he came home to Dunmaine a few months after the parting, and asked after Jemmy, and she told him my Lady had begged hard for him, but my Lord would not let her have him. Then the Defendant swore an oath, which she repeated verbatim when questioned, and attested that blessed name to which all Christians bow, that *he* would have let Lady Altham have the boy, and take him to the devil; "for," said he, "I would keep none of the breed of her."

Having grafted this branch, they grew it high.

They called *Dominick Farrell* and *John Purcell*, the latter lamish, and with a staff, but sturdy still. Foreseeing the terrible difficulty under which I now labor, I stuck close to Purcell's sworn evidence in those earlier scenes he figures in. So please turn back to those scenes, and imagine every word you find there sworn to in open court before the principal actors in the scene—the child, now grown to man's estate, and the barbarous uncle, both glaring at each other, also before Philippa and her eyes that poured black lightning at her lover's treacherous enemy, and before the excitable Irish crowd, that roared and raged like wild beasts at Purcell's every other sentence. He told how he had taken the Claimant off a horse in Smithfield, and carried him to his wife, etc.; the first visit of Captain Annesley to his house, when the boy was all terror, but Richard Annesley all politeness, Lord Altham's death, Richard Annesley's changed behavior, and attempt to kidnap him. He told his tale simply, yet well; any body could see, by his emotion and earnestness, he was not inventing, but living a real romance over again. Once or twice, in relating his sturdy answers to Lord Anglesey, he involuntarily struck his stick down upon the table, and so pointed his speech: but when he came to the first attempt at kidnapping, and told how he put the boy between his legs, and dared that craven Lord and his three bullies, with his single cudgel, he suddenly waved his staff round his head with a gesture so impulsive, that a roar of admiration and sympathy burst from the crowd, followed by a buzz that interrupted the proceedings for some minutes.

Tenderer feelings were aroused among the tenderer: for, upon this, all the scene came back to James Annesley, and he made an eloquent motion of his hand toward the champion of his childhood, and then buried his face in his handkerchief. Many tears were shed all round.

Asked to identify poor little Jemmy, if he could, John Purcell pointed at once to James Annesley, and said, with manly emotion, "That is the gentleman. I KNOW HIM AS WELL AS I KNOW THE HAND NOW UPON MY HEART."

This witness's cross-examination only led to fresh triumphs. He was asked with a sneer whether all those persons could not have taken the child from him had they really meditated violence. He replied, "No, SIR," and struck the table with his staff. "I'D HAVE LOST MY LIFE BEFORE I'D HAVE LOST THE CHILD."

At this there was a loud huzzah, and the very peeresses about the bench waved their handkerchiefs to the honest fellow, and Philippa could have hugged them for that.

Having admitted he had afterward seen him in a livery, he was asked if he still thought he was Lord Altham: he replied, frankly, that it had staggered him; "but still I thought so in my conscience: FOR MIGHT MAY OVERCOME RIGHT."

This line rang in Dublin that day; and, a century after, rang round the world: for the Wizard of the North wove stout John Purcell's very line, and one more out of this marvelous trial, into his immortal Romance.

Andrew Connor, proprietor of the ship *James*, of Dublin, proved by the ship's books that James Annesley sailed in her for Pennsylvania at a certain date.

James Reilly and *Mark Byrne*, two rakehelly fellows, swore they were bribed by Anglesey to kidnap him at that date. They added to my account some particulars of the boy's cries and tears, and the impotent curses of the crowd as they hurried him on board the ship *James*, of Dublin.

Being now the sixth day of the trial, they closed this vein of evidence, and the Claimant's case, by calling the Defendant's own English attorney, Giffard. He deposed that he had been for a long time Lord Anglesey's man of business in England, and knew his affairs. Having suits with Lord Haversham and the Annesleys, and being now menaced by the Claimant, Defendant said to Giffard, he would be glad to compound for two or three thousand a year, and surrender titles and estates to James Annesley; for it was his right, and, for his part, he would rather his brother's son should have all, than Frank and Charles Annesley: and, in that case, he would live in France. Accordingly, he sent for Mr. Stephen Hayes, to teach him the French tongue.

Q.—"And pray what altered his resolution?"

Giffard, in reply, told the truth, as you see it in my narrative, about the homicide at Staines, with this addition: "He said he did not care if it cost him ten thousand pounds, if he could get James Annesley hanged." He also described the clandestine way in which it was managed, the money wanted in the prosecution coming to him through Jans, Lord Anglesey's factotum.

The Plaintiff's case closed, leaving Lord Anglesey an object of immense horror and disgust, and James Annesley the darling of the public.

Said Philippa, "After this, why do they not give him his rights, and have done with it? That miserable old man might have spared himself this exposure, by merely giving his title and estates to the rightful owner."

Says Chester, "It *is* odd, how people cling to these trifles, when they have held them undisturbed for a few years." Then, more gravely, "Niece, do not deceive yourself. We know nothing of the other party's case as yet, and our own is prejudiced by this conduct of M'Kercher; he has done a monstrous thing—he has published a libel of the Defendant."

"A libel of the Defendant! Who can libel that old villain? Who can paint him half as black as Nature has made him?"

"The blacker he is, the less need to write a novel about him. Why, in England, the Defendant would have attached him for contempt of Court. A pretty attorney!"

"He is a lawyer with a heart; that is all his fault. My James had been kidnapped by the old villain, and all but hanged, and he tried to assassinate him here in Ireland, and you cry out because poor, good, kind M'Kercher replies to bullets, halters, and ten years' slavery—with a book, a few words that break no bones, a few home truths, that the villain himself hath made to be so. This is your justice! this is how you cold-blooded lawyers hold the balance! Oh! if my eyes could kill the caitiffs, body and soul, I'd give you something more to cry for. Prithee speak to me no more. Men with hearts are a sealed book to you. There—I would not forget the respect I owe you. I have done it once. For pity's sake, Uncle—that prince of villains hath fifteen counsel to gloze his crimes for him; why need you make the sixteenth, and drive me mad?" She trembled, and her hands worked, and her eyes flashed fire.

The old man looked at her, thought of her father, and said, softly, "That is true, and I am silenced, completely silenced."

"Better so than for us to quarrel. Forgive me, Uncle, but I do not love my James by halves, and indeed I am but a woman, and so strung up by this terrible trial, as I should quarrel with my own father, if he said one word against my James."

"Nay," said the old man, "I never said a word against thy James; and never will. He is an honest man, and hath been cruelly used: and he is not to blame that his attorney writes novels *pendente lite*."

The Defendant now opened his case, and called a cloud of witnesses.

Aaron Lambert, Esq.—Lived near Dunmaine: never heard of nor saw a child of Lord and Lady Altham's. He impeached *Joan Laffan's* credit, unshaken by her cross-examination. He said, "Nobody would believe her, in my opinion, if she swore all the oaths in the universe."

Thomas Palliser, Esq., a squireen.—Lived but three miles from Dunmaine, and visited there. Never heard of a son and heir; but had understood there was a boy about, whose mother was one *Joan Landy*.

William Napper swore that Lord Altham was not succeeded in his estates by the present defendant, but by Arthur, the then Lord Anglesey: that he, the witness, acted for Earl Arthur, and took possession of the Ross estate, on which were near a hundred tenants, and not one made any scruple nor mentioned a child of Lord Altham's.

Thomas Palliser, Junior, delivered a romance illustrative of the time. He was young, and intimate with Lord and Lady Altham. Lord Altham told him one day he was determined to part with her, because he had no child by her; subsequently, by a "principle of selection" that looks rather odd to us English, my Lord made his confidant the handle. He asked him to breakfast on mulled claret in a little room of Dunmaine House, called "Sot's Hole" (a name that would have been more correctly applied to the mansion in general), and, after breakfast, made what the French dramatists call a "fausse sortie;" pretended to go to church, of all places. Palliser, having no other company, went to my lady's room, and sat on a stool. Presently there was a whistle, my Lord and his servants burst in, cudgeled him, and, while he was insensible, "CUT OFF THIS EAR; AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL HAVE KILLED ME AS DONE THAT."

He then swore there was no child in the house at that time, contradicting *Laffan*.

William Elms confirmed *Palliser* Junior that the child came into the house after Lady Altham's departure. He swore *Joan Landy* had a child that lived with her, and was miserably dressed till Lady Altham left. Then it was taken into the house, and clothed. After that he came to Dunmaine one day, and saw the child playing at Lord Altham's feet, and Joan Landy came to the gate and peeped in; and my Lord swore, and told the man to let the hounds out and set them at her. He then said he would not for £500 the child should know that jade was his mother.

Thomas Rolph swore he was butler at Dunmaine until Michaelmas, 1715. Between Michaelmas and Christmas, 1715, was discharged, by letter from Dublin, for *beating the gardener very heartily*. Now this covered the period of the birth; and all the Plaintiff's witnesses but one had sworn Charles Magher was the butler at this period. Rolph could name more servants than any of the Claimant's witnesses could. There was no *Joan Laffan* there in all his time. *Juggy Landy*, as he called her, was discharged, and her child was born soon after: and he went to her hut to see her. "She lay upon straw covered with a caddow, and a hurdle at her head, to keep the air of the door from her. There was a place at the foot of the bed, where her brother lay, and on the other side her father and mother; and there were stakes drove into the ground and wattled to keep the straw together." When he first visited her, her child was but a few days old, and he asked her whom she called the father, and she told him. He deposed that he had often seen the child after that, and given the mother broken victuals at the stables, and, before he left in Michaelmas, 1715, the child could go alone, and ran about with a sort of blanket on its shoulders, and nothing else. This child was christened, at Nash, by *Father Michael Downes*. Lady Altham never visited Joan's cabin, that he knew of. She was as proud a woman as any in Ireland. She had heard a scandal, and forbade the woman the house.

This closed that day's proceedings, and poor Philippa's throat was very dry, and her heart sick, and her mind amazed, to hear people swear such contrary things. "Ah, my child," said Thomas Chester, "why would you come here?"

Mrs. Anne Giffard lived near Dunmaine. Was familiar with Lady Altham. Never knew her to have a child. Undertook to prove an "ALIBI" for her at the time assigned for the birth. She went in a coach with Lady Altham to the Spring Assizes at Wexford, 1715. Lord Altham and *Mrs. Heath* rode with them on horseback. Jack Walsh of Moniseed, Masterton, his nephew, and one Doyle, an English clergyman, all Pretender's men, were tried. She and Lady Altham were in Court, and *Cæsar Colclough*, Esq., sat by them all day.

This "ALIBI" was sworn to by *Rolph* also, and *Mrs. Heath.*

Now came a pictorial figure of another class; for if all the costumes in this single trial could be faithfully produced, the miserable meagreness of our authorities on that head would be very striking. It was a priest, with his cassock, his huge shoes with iron buckles, and his cockle hat, *Father Michael Downes*. Had now lived forty-two years one mile from Dunmaine House. Dunmaine is in his parish. "No one could have a child in that parish, and I not know it." Lady Altham never had one; and Joan Landy had: it was in the year 1714. He was asked to christen it, but *was rather shy of doing that*. Finally he bethought himself *there could be no harm done to him for making a Christian: so he christened him.*

He deposed, further, that Lord Altham afterward asked him, had he christened Joan Landy's child. "I said, 'I have: *but I have got no retribution*,' meaning christening-money. 'Well, well,' says he, 'I'll requite you hereafter.'"

He deposed, further, that, some years after, he saw the boy at Dunmaine House, and Lord Altham swore at the child, and said, "Why don't you get up and make a bow to him that made you a Christian?"

He kept a registry, and, by his own account, kept it vilely. *Thought* he would have registered a legitimate child by Lord Altham, *if my Lord had desired him.* Was not used to register illegitimate children, and gave his "exquisite reasons," as Shakspeare hath it.

There now stepped upon the table one of the main pillars of the defense. A tall, elderly Englishwoman, a glance at whom showed her condition. There was an air of decency about her; her clothes were well made, though they were not rich, her full apron from waist to ankle, her snowy cap, puckered, and some lawn about her bosom, were very fine, and beautifully clean, and showed she had lived with gentlefolks. This was *Mrs. Mary Heath*, referred to by so many of the Plaintiff's and Defendant's witnesses. She swore that she was Lady Altham's woman, and came over from England with her in October, 1713, and lived with her till the day of her death. Remembered going down to Dunmaine. Remembered some of the servants: Setwright, the housekeeper; Rolph, the butler; Anthony Dyer; Michael, the cook, and his scullery-girl, Juggy Landy, who left soon after, and had a child. Hearing some scandal, she was curious to see who this child was like; so asked the coachman's wife to have it brought to the gate, for her to see. She did see it: it was about six weeks old then, and had nothing but a clean blanket. She gave it several things, among the rest a fine cambric neckcloth she had brought from England among her own things.

Her mistress never had a child, nor any expectation of one. She often confided to the witness her regret, and once, in particular, she came up stairs, after dinner, crying, and said, that brute below (meaning the Defendant) had said he wished she might never have a child: and my lady said she wished she might but have a child, to inherit, and she did not care if she was to die the next hour. Was at Ross, with her lady, after the separation, and had no knowledge of *Lutwyche, a shoe-maker*. Her lady wore braided shoes, but white damask never, all the time she knew her. No child ever visited her at Ross.

Q.—"Was there any child brought to my lady as her child?"

A.—"NO, NEVER WAS. SHE HAD NO CHILD: I CAN SAY NO MORE, IF THEY RACK ME TO DEATH."

She swore that M'Kercher had called at her home in Holborn, and she had said to him, *inter alia*, "Think you, if a child had been born to such an estate, they would not have had his birth registered?"

This witness was violent, and argued the case too much: yet, under cross-examination, she gave, unconsciously, a picture of her fidelity and affection that made it hard to believe she could be the woman to lie her unhappy lady's son out of his estate, if she believed he was her son. Counsel was cross-examining her, to prove that Lady Altham's memory was impaired long before she died, in 1729—in fact, when she came from Ross to Dublin.

"Was not she troubled with a dead palsy?"

"I can not call it a dead palsy, Sir."

"Did not that disorder deprive her of the use of her limbs?"

"She lost her limbs by that disorder; but it came by degrees. WHEN SHE CAME FROM ROSS; SHE COULD GO ABOUT, WITH HOLDING BY ONE HAND. WHEN WE FIRST WENT TO LONDON, WITH ONE HAND I COULD LEAD HER ABOUT THE ROOM; AND THEN WITH BOTH HANDS; AND THEN NOT AT ALL. I WAS FORCED TO PUT HER IN A CHAIR, AND WHEEL HER ABOUT. BUT HER MIND WAS CLEAR. SHE KEPT HER OWN ACCOUNTS."

That touching, though incidental, picture of fidelity did not appear to strike the Court, but it did Philippa Chester, and she felt sorely staggered, and sick at heart. She was silent this evening, while James and Chester and M'Kercher discussed the evidence.

Mr. Chester said her evidence was crushing, if true; but her manner was rather against her.

"I think you may perhaps get over *her*," said he. "Are there many more?"

"Plenty," said M'Kercher: "but Heath is the only one I fear. She is an Englishwoman, and a Protestant: bad luck to her."

Martin Neif had seen Joan Landy with a child of her own at Dunmaine. Saw the same child afterward at Dunmaine House. Saw him afterward, with my Lord, at Kinna. Has heard my Lord say he would not, for any money, the boy should know Juggy Landy was his mother.

Arthur Herd was a barber's apprentice, and went out to shave Lord Altham at Carrickduffe. When he had shaved him, Lord Altham said, "Come and live with me; you shall never want a piece of money in your pocket, a gun to shoot with, a horse to ride on, nor a lass to walk with." On this picture of domestic service, he ran away from his master without scruple. He found a boy in my Lord's house called Jemmy Annesley. He had a scarlet coat, and a laced hat. Knew my Lord to correct him once, and say, "He had the thieving blood of the Landys in him: his grandfather used to steal the cauls out of his sheep, and half thresh his corn, and make the sheaves up."

Witness used to go sometimes and see his friends at Ross. On these occasions Master Annesley would send his duty to his mother; she was then in the service of a baker at Ross. Since Mr. Annesley's return, he had seen him and Mr. M'Kercher. M'Kercher asked him who was James Annesley's mother, and he told him it was Joan, or Juggy, Landy. He then reminded Mr. Annesley he had taken several duties from him to his mother, and brought several blessings from his mother to him, and reminded him of a pair of stockings he brought him of his mother's knitting, and Mr. Annesley trembled, and turned pale, at this discourse.

The Claimant's case was now considered desperate. He himself seemed like a man awaking from a dream.

Philippa was sick at heart. "Oh!" she moaned, "will these dreadful witnesses never leave off?"

As for M'Kercher, he disappeared that night.

Philippa went to the Court, next morning, pale and disturbed; all her alacrity gone. She went like one to execution: yet no entreaties could keep her away: no, she would know the worst.

This day came a new costume, *Alderman King*, in his robes, out of respect for the Court. He deposed that Lady Altham lived in his house nine months, as his guest, a little before she left Ireland. She used to converse freely of her affairs, but never mentioned to him that she had a son.

This closed the Defendant's evidence.

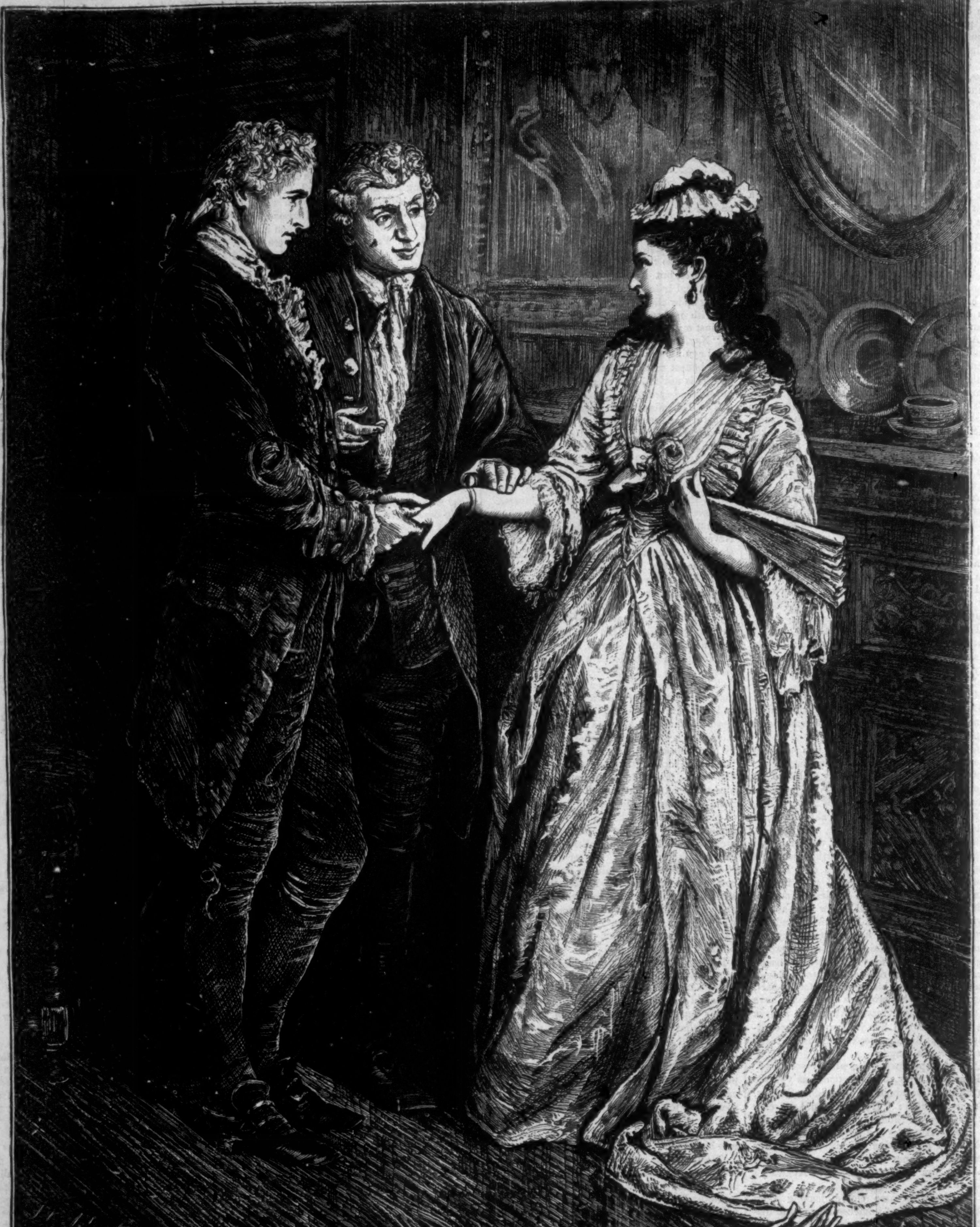
What now remained but the speeches of counsel, and a verdict for the Defendant? Not much, only to conquer the Napoleon of all attorneys, living or dead. M'Kercher reappeared, and claimed, through his counsel, to prove PERJURY on the part of certain witnesses for the defense. The Court allowed this, with the usual limitation—he must state his points first, and keep strictly within them.

Claimant's counsel stated four points, and then called, to defeat the "Alibi" aforesaid:

Cæsar Colclough, Esq.—He swore that he was at Wexford Spring Assizes, 1715. Was in Court all day at Masterton's trial; did not sit by Lady Altham and Mrs. Giffard; did not believe they were in Court; and Parson Doyle was not tried that day, but just one twelvemonth after, and he, Colclough, was a juryman.

On the same line *Thomas Higginson*, collector of rents, swore Lord Altham went to those very assizes alone, and he called at Dunmaine with money due, and Lady Altham gave to him two glasses of white wine, and at the second he wished her a happy delivery.

Against Mrs. Heath they called an acquaintance of hers, one *John Hussy*, who swore that when the news of Mr. Annesley coming to claim his rights first reached London from Jamaica, and before the Defendant's agents could get to her, she spoke of him to deponent as Lady Al-



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"She had not been at home many minutes when in rushed her lover, exalted in proportion to his recent despondence, and demanded her hand in marriage that very minute. What woman, however much in love, could put up with such conduct? She coquetted with her happiness directly, like any other daughter of Eve. 'Marriage! time enough for that.' At present she preferred to revel in her lover's triumph, and 'not talk nonsense'—so she said, however."—Chapter X.

tham's son, and a much-wronged man. *William Stephens* and *William Houghton*, persons intimate with *Arthur Herd*, swore that this formidable witness for the Defendant had told quite a different tale to them before the trial. Houghton gave some particulars of gossip. One Mrs. Symons had come into his place, and told him *Herd had turned tail to Mr. Annesley*, and the trial was going against him. "Why, madam," said I, "I heard Arthur Herd express himself that Mr. Annesley was the heir." Pressed for the exact words of Herd, he said, "Upon my oath, and upon my Salvation, and upon every thing, he said he did believe him to be the true heir of the estate the Earl of Anglesey now possesses." Both deponents swore that a remarkable saying, which was now ringing through every street in Dublin, came first out of Herd's mouth, viz., Annesley is the right heir, if right might take place.

Father John Ryan swore that Father Michael Downes had told him he was to get £200 for his evidence, and if he made a mistake he must get absolution.

This closed the Plaintiff's evidence in reply.

Then came an incident without a parallel. The judges had now before them the greatest mass of perjury ever delivered in Great Britain; and, not being clear on which side the perjury predominated, they took unusual means to test the witnesses. They confronted them on the same table, and took the examination into their own hands. Thus, whereas in an ordinary case there are two battles of evidence, in this immortal trial there were four: and the last deserves a distinct heading.

THE DUELS ON A TABLE.

William Elms, who had said Joan Laffan was a person not to be believed on her oath, was put on the table, and then *Joan Laffan* was ordered up. When she came on the table, she courtesied, and said, "Your servant, Mr. Elms."

The Court.—"Woman, do you know that gentleman?"

Joan.—"Yes, since I know any body."

Court.—"Did you tell him at Dunmaine you were nursing Lady Altham's child?"

A.—"I don't know, my Lord; I never saw him to speak to at Dunmaine but once."

Elms.—"I was high constable, and I spoke to her several times at Dunmaine, when I went to collect the public money. Don't you remember that? Can you deny it?"

Joan.—"I protest I know nothing of it."

The Court.—"What was the nature of your service?"

Joan.—"I was chamber-maid."

Elms.—"She was laundry-maid."

Joan (ironically).—"Very well, Mr. Elms."

The Court, having brought them to this issue, looked into the matter, and found, by the evidence of Heath and others, she was chamber-maid, and not laundry-maid.

About Joan Landy's cabin, Joan said she only knew it while the child was there. It was then a handsome house, with handsome things in it.

The Court (to Elms).—"Pray was there any such fine room as she describes?"

Elms.—"I never saw it, WITHOUT IT WAS UNDER-GROUND. I saw no furniture at all: there was a wall made up of sods and stones."

Joan Laffan.—"Oh, fie, Mr. Elms: I wonder you'll say so." Then she clasped her hands. "BY THE HOLY EVANGELISTS, THERE WAS NEVER A SOD IN THE HOUSE."

They continued again about the coach-road; and this much-abused witness, Laffan, distinctly proved that the respectable Mr. Elms and Rolph had lied and prevaricated about the coach-road; and that it did not go where they said it did, but only to Joan Landy's cabin.

The Court (to Joan Laffan).—"Was it known by the neighbors that my lady had a son, and that the child you nursed was that son?"

Joan (composedly).—"MY LORD, IT IS KNOWN BY TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE; AND EVERY BODY KNOWS IT IF THEY WILL PLEASE TO SPEAK TRUTH."

Elms.—"I NEVER HEARD OF IT, FOR ONE."

The two Priests were now put on the table, cheek by jowl.

Father Downes denied that he ever rode and conversed with Father Ryan on any Sunday morning; but, on Ryan reminding him of a circumstance, he conceded the riding: but denied that he had ever conversed about this trial on a Sunday morning.

Then the Court made Ryan repeat to his face about the £200, etc.

Downes.—"Does this man swear this?"

Court.—"He does."

Downes.—"Well, then, I'll tell you, by virtue of my oath—I never was promised a farthing, and IF YOU BELIEVE THIS GENTLEMAN, YOU MAY HANG ME; FOR HE IS A VILE, DRUNKEN, LICENTIOUS DOG IN THE COUNTRY."

The next duel was between *John Hussy* and *Mary Heath.* They were put on the table together, and the Court asked Mrs. Heath if Hussy had drank tea with her since the account came from abroad about Mr. Annesley.

Mrs. Heath.—"Several times."

Court.—"Had you any conversation with him thereupon?"

Mrs. Heath.—"I have often said to him what a vile thing it was to take away the Earl's right—my lady never had a child. And I can't say no more, if you rack me to death."

Court.—"What is Mr. Hussy's character?"

Mrs. Heath.—"I can say no more than that some said he was a gentleman's servant, and some said he lived by gaming."

The Court.—"Repeat the words you say she said before you."

Hussy.—"She told me the Duchess of Buckingham sent for her: and then she said, 'Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for him, from my heart, for no one has reason to know his affairs better than I do, for I lived long with Lady Altham, his mother.'"

Mrs. Heath.—"BY ALL THAT'S GOOD AND GREAT, I NEVER SAID ANY SUCH WORD." Then, turning on Hussy, "I never thought you were such a man. I've heard people say you were a gamester, and lived in an odd way; but I would never believe it till now. I took your part, and always said you behaved like a gentleman."

Hussy.—"I am a gentleman, and a man of family. Indeed I heard you say it, and with all the regret and concern imaginable."

Thus ended the greatest conflict of direct and heterogeneous evidence ever known in this country before or since; and, if it does not interest my readers more than the rest of this story, let us have no more of the miserable cant about Truth being superior to Fiction; for Truth has very few pearls to offer comparable to this great trial.

The Court adjourned, and Philippa and James Annesley both thanked God it was over, and agreed they would never have gone through it had they known what they were to endure.

"Sweetheart," said she to him, "I have much need to see you gain your estates; for I have lost my youth. I was so young before this dreadful trial, and now they have made me old. They have shown me mankind too near. What! is it really so, that Christian men and women can stand up side by side, and take the gospels of their Redeemer in hand, and one swear black, and t'other white, of things they both do know? and all we, looking on amazed, can see naught in either face but truth and honesty. Land and titles, quotha! What are they, that men and women should fling away their souls? Why if each of these false witnesses were to be Ireland's richest land-owner, and England's highest Earl, still 'tis the Devil that hath the best of the bargain. Oh! I am sick, sick. Shall England ever come to this? Then methinks 'twere time for honest men and women to run into the sea, and so to another world for Truth."

Having relieved her swelling soul, the noble girl laid her hand on James's shoulder, and said, pathetically, "I have but one comfort in this wicked world: that he I love is an honest man."

"Yes, I am an honest man: too honest to trouble you any more, if the jury shall say I am that woman's son?"

"Oh, James, what words are these? Think you I care whose son men say you are?"

She made light of it, not knowing at the time the gloomy resolution James had come to.

Yet, after all, now I think of it, she may have had some vague misgiving: for she said to Thomas Chester, almost crying, "Uncle dear, if it goes against him, you will be very kind to him—for my sake?"

"I will: why should I not? But—if you mean give him my niece and her fortune all the same—why, no: not till he resigns litigation, that is a curse, and takes to some honest trade."

Next day Philippa had a terrible headache: but nothing would keep her out of Court.

Four counsel for the Defendant spoke in turn: of these Malone was one, and he spoke four hours, with all the zeal and cogency of a great Forensic reasoner: often, during his speech, poor Philippa said, "Oh, will he never leave off?" and, when he did leave off, the Claimant's case seemed prostrate.

Nevertheless, next day, Counselor Marshall, for the Plaintiff, spoke one hour only, but with such lucid order, such neatness, cogency, and power of condensation, that he set the Claimant's case on its legs again. He was followed by three more.

I shall give one point of the many on which they countered; but I give it only because the judges, by some strange delusion, unaccountable in men so able, actually omitted to say one word upon the point, though, to my mind, the case lay there.

Prime Sergeant Malone cited.—"It is a rule well known, that every case ought to be proved by the best testimony the nature of the thing will admit: and surely this Joan Landy was the very best witness that could have been produced on the side of the Plaintiff. It is sworn for her, by others, that she took this child from its mother, and nursed it for fifteen months. Why, then, is not she produced? She is named on their list of witnesses; and the gentlemen on the other side did, very early in the case, promise we should see her. But, by-and-by, they told us she was a weak woman, and might be put off the thread of her story. But this was plainly not the real reason: the weakest man or woman can speak truth, and will probably, on their oath, say no other. It is a hardship for a weak mind, that knows a fact not to be true, to color it, or make it appear true. Their consciousness that Joan Landy was unwilling, or unable, to do this, must have been their only reason for not producing her. Good-will to the plaintiff she could not lack; she is, by their account, his wet-nurse; and an Irish nurse, as Mr. M'Kercher told those who suspected this woman of being something more to the Claimant, has a maternal affection, and is willing, *by all honest means*, to promote her nurseling's welfare. Joan Landy knows better than any one whether she had a son by Lord Altham, or not. Yet she is not called: and so, because Joan Landy knew too much about the sham to stand an examination, Joan Laffan, the pretended dry-nurse, is put forward to give Joan Landy's evidence."

Sergeant Marshall cited, in reply to the above:

"What we said to the gentlemen was 'that Joan Landy had been *tampered with*,' and we repeat it. On that account we did not examine her; but we offered her to the gentlemen on the other side, if they pleased to examine her: and they declined. Yet she is their witness. She plays, in their case, the part Lady Altham plays in ours. Their refusing to examine her is as if we should refuse to examine Lady Altham, were she alive; yet we had Joan Landy in Court for them, and they declined her."

The last conflict was over: the three judges summed up. Baron Dawson flimsily: the Chief Baron and Baron Mountney with great pains, closeness, method, and impartiality, on every point, but the conduct of the counsel in not calling Joan Landy. This, by some strange crook of the Celtic intellect, they all ignored.

The jury retired.

James Annesley waited a few minutes, and then, unable to bear it any longer, cast a look of agony at Philippa, and left the Court. M'Kercher followed him.

Philippa sat in all the tortures of suspense.

While she sat twisting her hands, a line from M'Kercher was brought her. "My dear young lady, keep your eye on him. He has bespoke a passage to Pennsylvania."

She handed it to her uncle, and clasped her hands.

"No," said Thomas Chester, "there is no need for that. We must think of something. What! the jury come back so soon? Well, they are agreed, then. I was afraid they never would. Better so, my child, than to go through this all again."

"SILENCE!"

Then the usual question was put to the jury, and their foreman delivered

A VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

There was a loud "Huzza" from the crowded court. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and Philippa gave a cry, and was carried almost fainting from the Court.

She had not been at home many minutes when in rushed her lover, exalted in proportion to his recent despondence, and demanded her hand in marriage that very minute.

What woman, however much in love, could put up with such conduct? She coquetted with her happiness directly, like any other daughter of Eve. "Marriage! time enough for that." At present she preferred to revel in her lover's triumph, and "not talk nonsense"—so she said, however. Her lover then informed her that the Irish estates and the title in perspective would not compensate him for what he had endured. M'Kercher had been fighting for land and honors; but he for her.

Mr. Chester put in his word. "Come, niece, a bargain is a bargain. Prithee make me not a liar. I ne'er broke faith when I was young; and shall I begin in my old age?"

"I would do much to oblige *you*, uncle," says the young lady, smiling, and coloring high at what she saw coming.

In ran M'Kercher, boiling over, to say he had arranged bonfires, bells, and a torch-light procession.

"The marriage first," said Annesley: "or none of your public shows for me."

Finding him as obstinate as a mule, the pliable M'Kercher shifted his helm; got a parson, and distinguished witnesses, all in an hour, and the deed of settlement was produced by Chester, and signed, sealed, and witnessed, and the marriage solemnized in private, as usual among the great, and Matthews rode home, to prepare his house to receive the Bride and Bridegroom.

At night M'Kercher, all in his glory, arranged the torch-light procession, with all the bells a-ringing, and bonfires blazing on the neighboring heights. It was a splendid cavalcade, both of men and women: for the young lord, as they called him now, was the darling of the hour; and all the Quality clustered round him. Then James must show his darling Philippa all the places where he had suffered privation and misery. They made a Progress. They went in triumph to Frapper Lane, and other of the places; to Smithfield, where he had held horses, and to Ormond Quay.

One incident occurred worth mentioning. They passed John Purcell's door, and the old man stood in his doorway, to see the show, as all the neighbors did. Annesley caught sight of him, instantly dismounted, and fairly flung his arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. The old man kissed him, in turn, and sobbed a word or two: but, when James looked for his mammy, he shook his head. She was gone from the joys and troubles of the world: and this is the sorest wound to gentle hearts, that those who have been kindest to us in adversity can not stay below to share our prosperity.

The crowd huzzaed louder than ever when the young Lord kissed the humble, sturdy, benefactor of his youth; and then the bright cavalcade resumed its march. They took that sore-tried but now triumphant pair a mile out of Dublin: then they broke into two companies; the larger rode back to drink their healths in Dublin, the smaller rode with them to Captain Matthews's, waving torches, and hurraing lustily at times. He kept them all, and their horses, that night with Irish hospitality.

How sweet is pleasure after pain! Such a day as this comes to few, and to the happiest but once in a life: and all the past trouble, mortification, doubt, and suspense made it sweeter still; indeed scarcely credible, it was such rapture.

I could tell more about the *Wandering Heir*; but Fiction is not History, and I claim my rights: even the *Iliad* is but a slice out of Troy's siege; so surely I may take these marvelous passages of an eventful life, then drop the curtain on the doubtful future.

Whether or not he holds his estates, and gets his title from the Peers, he has been poor, and now is well to do; a slave, and now is free; alone in the world, and now blessed with Philippa; there lies his best chance of enduring happiness, when all is done: for few things in this world keep their high flavor; custom blunts them so: Wealth palls by habit; titles cease to ring in sated ears; French dishes pall the appetite in time; Power and Reputation have no spells against satiety: only pure conjugal love seems never old, nor stale, but ever sweet: if it declines in passion, it gains in affection; it multiplieth joy, it divideth sorrow, and here, in this sorry world, is the thing likest Heaven.

THE END.

NOTE.

As this story is historical, many real names figure in it. Should the same names still exist, please do not connect their present owners with my characters, who died a century ago. Example: The Earl of Anglesey, who plays so ill a part in these pages, was an Annesley, and no relation whatever to the chivalrous Pagets. The old earldom expired in 1771. In 1815 Parliament bestowed the title on one of the heroes of Waterloo, by whose direct descendant it is held.

C. R.

THIS WORLD.

This world is a sad, sad place, I know—
  And what soul living can doubt it?—
But it will not lessen the want and woe
  To be always singing about it.
Then away with songs that are full of tears,
  Away with dirges that sadden;
Let us make the most of our fleeting years,
  By singing the lays that gladden.

A few sweet potions of bliss I've quaffed,
  And many a cup of sorrow;
But in thinking over the flavored draught,
  The old-time joy I borrow.
And in brooding over the bitter drink,
  Pain fills again the measure;
And so I have learned that it's better to think
  Of the things that give us pleasure.

The world at its saddest is not all sad;
  There are days of sunny weather;
And the people within it are not all bad,
  But saints and sinners together.
I think those wonderful hours of June
  Are better by far to remember
Than those when the earth gets out of tune
  In the cold bleak winds of November.

Because we meet in the walks of life
  Many a selfish creature,
It doesn't prove that this world of strife
  Has no redeeming feature.
There is bloom and beauty upon this earth;
  There are buds and blossoming flowers;
There are souls of truth and hearts of worth;
  There are glowing, golden hours.

In thinking over a joy we've known
  We easily make it double,
Which is better by far than to mope and moan
  O'er sorrow and grief and trouble.
For though this world is sad, we know—
  And who that is living can doubt it?—
It will not lessen the want and woe
  To be always singing about it.

(Continued from No. 837, page 48.)

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

PART III.

I HAVE COME TO RETURN YOU SOMETHING.

On the afternoon of the day on which the *Queen of the South* (with George Naldret in it, as was supposed) sailed out of the Mersey for the southern seas, young Mr. Million, with a small bouquet of choice flowers in his hand, made his appearance in the old grocer's shop. Ben Sparrow, who was sitting behind his counter, jumped up when the young brewer entered, and rubbed his hands and smirked, and comported himself in every way as if a superior being had honored him with his presence. Young Mr. Million smiled pleasantly, and without the slightest condescension. The cordiality of his manner was perfect.

"Quite a gentleman," thought old Ben; "every inch a gentleman!"

Said young Mr. Million, "As I was passing your way, I thought I would drop in to see how you and your granddaughter are."

"It's very kind and thoughtful of you, Sir," replied old Ben Sparrow. "Of course we're a bit upset at George's going. Every thing is at sixes and sevens, and will be, I dare say, for a few days. Bessie's inside"—with a jerk of his head in the direction of the parlor—"she's very sad and low, poor dear."

"We mustn't let her mope, Mr. Sparrow," remarked young Mr. Million, striking up a partnership at once with the old grocer.

"No, Sir," assented Ben; "we mustn't let her mope; it ain't good for the young—nor for the old, either. But it's natural she should grieve a bit. You see, Sir," he said, confidentially, "George is the only sweetheart Bessie ever had. She ain't like some girls, chopping and changing, as if there's no meaning in what they do."

"We must brighten her up, Mr. Sparrow. It wouldn't be a bad thing if you were to take her for a drive in the country one fine day. The fresh air would do her good."

"It would do her good, Sir. But I couldn't leave the shop. Business is dreadfully dull, and I can't afford to lose a chance of taking a few shillings—though, with the way things are cut down, there's very little profit got nowadays. Some things almost go for what they cost. Sugar, for instance. I don't believe I get a ha'penny a pound out of it."

Young Mr. Million expressed his sympathy, and said it ought to be looked to. He would speak to his father, who was a "friend of the working-man, you know."

"I don't know how to thank you, Sir," said Ben, gratefully. "Indeed, I haven't thanked you yet for the kindness you—"

"I don't want to be thanked," interrupted young Mr. Million, vivaciously. "I hate to be thanked! The fact is, Mr. Sparrow, I am an idle young dog, and it will always give me pleasure to do you any little service in my power. I will go in and say, How do you do? to Miss Sparrow, if you will allow me."

"Allow you, Sir!" exclaimed Ben. "You're always welcome here."

"I brought this little bunch of flowers for her. Flowers are scarce now, and the sight of them freshens one up. Although, Mr. Sparrow, your granddaughter is a brighter flower than any in this bunch!"

"That she is, Sir; that she is," cried Ben, in delight; adding to himself, under his breath, "Every inch a gentleman! His kindness to George and me is a-maz-ing—A-MAZ-ING!"

The idle young dog, entering the parlor, found Bessie very pale and very unhappy. She was unhappy because of the manner of her parting from George last night; unhappy and utterly miserable because of the poisoned dagger which had been planted in her heart.

"I was passing through Covent Garden," said the idle young dog, in gentle tones, thinking how pretty Bessie looked even in her sorrow, "and seeing these flowers, I thought you would do me the pleasure to accept them."

Bessie thanked him, and took them listlessly from his hand. Tottie, who was playing at "shop" in a corner of the room, weighing sand in paper scales, and disposing of it to imaginary customers as the best fourpenny-ha'penny moist (is this ever done in reality, I wonder!), came forward to see and smell the flowers. The idle young dog seized upon Tottie as a pretext for taking a seat, and, lifting the child on his knee, allowed her to play with his watch-chain, and opened his watch for her, and put it to her ear so that she might hear it tick—a performance of which she would never have tired. His manner toward Bessie was very considerate and gentle, and she had every reason to be grateful to him, for he had been a good friend to her grandfather and her lover. Certainly he was one of the pleasantest gentlemen in the world, and he won Tottie's heart by giving her a shilling—the newest he could find in his pocket. Tottie immediately slipped off his knee, and went to her corner to brighten the coin with sand; after the fashion of old Ben Sparrow, who often polished up a farthing with sand until he could see his face in it, and gave it to Tottie as a golden sovereign. Tottie valued it quite as much as she would have done if it had been the purest gold.

The idle young dog did not stay very long; he was no bungler at this sort of idling, and he knew the value of leaving a good impression behind him. So, after a quarter of an hour's pleasant chat, he shook hands with Bessie, and as he stood smiling at her, wishing her good-day, with her hand in his, the door suddenly opened, and George Naldret appeared.

His face was white and haggard, and there was a wild grief in his eyes. The agony through which he had passed on the previous night seemed to have made him old in a few hours. He stood there silent, looking at Bessie and young Mr. Million, and at their clasped hands. It was but for a moment, for Bessie with a startled cry—a cry that had in it pain and horror at the misery in his face—had taken her hand from young Mr. Million's palm; it was but for a moment, but the new expression that overspread George's face like an evil cloud was the expression of a man who had utterly lost all faith and belief in purity and goodness, and had thus lost sight of Heaven.

Bessie divined its meaning, and gave a gasp of agony, but did not speak. Not so young Mr. Million.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, with a guilty look which he could not hide from George's keen gaze. "George, what has happened?"

George looked at young Mr. Million's outstretched hand, and rejected it disdainfully and with absolute contempt. Then looked at the flowers on the table—hot-house flowers he knew they were—then into Bessie's face, which seemed as if it were carved out of gray-white stone, so fixed did it grow in his gaze—then at the ear-rings in her ears: and a bitter, bitter smile came to his lips—a smile it was pity to see there.

"These are pretty flowers," he said, raising them from the table; in the intensity of his passion his fingers closed upon the blooming things, and in a moment more he would have crushed them; but he restrained himself in time, and let them drop from his strongly veined hand. "I beg pardon," he said, "they are not mine. Even if they belong to you—which they do, of course—I can have no claim on them now."

He addressed himself to Bessie, but she did not answer him. She had never seen in his face what she saw now, and she knew that it was the doom of her love and his.

"I have come to return you something," he said, and took from his breast a pretty silk purse. It was hung round his neck by a piece of black silk cord, and he did not disengage it readily. It almost seemed as if it wished not to be taken from its resting-place.

As he held it in his hand, he knew that his life's happiness was in it, and that he was about to relinquish it. And as he held it, there came to Bessie's mind the words he had spoken only the night before: "See here, heart's treasure," he had said, "here is the purse you worked for me, round my neck. It shall never leave me—it rests upon my heart. The pretty little beads! How I love them! I shall kiss every piece of gold I put in it, and shall think I am kissing you, as I do now, dear, dearest, best!"

"Take it," George said now.

She held out her hand mechanically, and as George touched her cold fingers he shivered. Both knew what this giving and taking meant. It meant that all was over between them.

Old Ben Sparrow had come into the room, and had witnessed the scene in quiet amazement; he did not see his way to the remotest understanding of what had passed. But he saw Bessie's suffering, and he moved to her side. When the purse was in her hand he touched her, but she repulsed him gently. Some sense of what was due to herself in the presence of young Mr. Million came to her, and her womanly pride at George's rejection of her in the presence of another man came to her also, and gave her strength for a while.

George's hand was on the door, when young Mr. Million, who was deeply mortified at George's manner toward himself, and who at the same time thought it would be a gallant move to champion Bessie's cause, laid his hand on George's sleeve, and said:

"Stay; you owe me an explanation."

"Hands off!" cried George, in a dangerous tone, and a fierce gleam in his eyes. "Hands off, you sneaking dog! I owe you an explanation, do I? I will give it to you when we are alone. Think what kind of explanation it will be, when I tell you beforehand that you are a false, lying hound! Take care of yourself when next we meet."

Every nerve in George's body quivered with passion and pain.

"You can't frighten me with bluster," said young Mr. Million, who was no coward, "although you may try to frighten ladies with it. As my presence here is likely to cause further pain to a lady whom I esteem"—with a respectful look toward Bessie, which caused George to press his nails into his palms—"I will take my leave, unless Mr. Sparrow wishes me to stay as a protection to him and his granddaughter."

"No, Sir; I thank you," replied Ben Sparrow, sorrowfully. "George Naldret can do my child no more harm than he has done already."

"Then I will go," and he moved toward the door, "first saying, however, that I tried to be this man's friend"—indicating George with a contemptuous motion of his hand, and repeating, "that I tried to be his friend—"

"You lie!" cried George.

"—Thinking," continued young Mr. Million, with quiet disdain, "that he was better than others of his class. But I was mistaken. Mr. Sparrow, you exonerate me from all blame in what has taken place?"

"Entirely, Sir," said Ben Sparrow, in a sad and troubled voice.

"I wish you and your grandchild good-day, then, and leave my hearty sympathy behind me."

With these words, and with a triumphant look at George, the idle young dog took his departure. Then, after a brief pause, George said,

"I have nothing more to stop for now."

And, with a look of misery, was about to depart, when Tottie ran to his side, and plucking him by the coat, looked up into his face.

"Don't go," said Tottie; "stop and play."

"I can't, my dear," said George, raising the child in his arms and kissing her. "I *must* go. Good-by, little one."

He set the child down; tears were coming to his eyes, but he kept them back.

"One moment, George Naldret," said old Ben Sparrow, trying to be dignified, but breaking down. "George—my dear George—what is the meaning of this?"

"I have no explanation to give, Mr. Sparrow," replied George, sadly.

"George, my dear boy, think for a moment! Are you right in what you are doing? Look at my darling, George; look—"

"Grandfather!"

The word came from Bessie's white lips; but the voice, struggling through her agony, sounded strange in their ears. The word, however, was sufficient; it carried its meaning in it; it told her grandfather not to beg for her of any man.

"You are right, my darling," he sobbed; "you are right. But neither of you will speak, and I am almost distracted. You are not going abroad, then, George?"

"No, Mr. Sparrow; I have no need to go now."

Bessie's strength was giving way. Pride, humiliation, wounded love, suspicion of her lover's faith, were conquering her. She held out her trembling hand to her grandfather. He took it, and cried,

"George! George! you are breaking her heart!"

"She has broken mine!" replied George, and turned, without another word, and left the room, almost blinded by grief and despair.

The moment he was gone, a sigh that was almost a groan broke from Bessie's wounded heart, and she sank into old Ben Sparrow's arms, and fainted there.

WELL, MOTHER, DO YOU WANT ANY WASHING DONE?

WHEN George Naldret was seen in the streets of Westminster, it occasioned, as may be imagined, no little surprise. His neighbors supposed him to be on his way to the other end of the world, and they rather resented his appearance among them, for he had in a certain measure deceived them. He had promised to write to some, to tell them how affairs were over the water; and two or three courageous ones had already made up their minds that if George sent home a good account of things they would sell every stick they had, and make for a land where a brighter future awaited them than they could look forward to here. They would have been satisfied if George had given them an explanation; but this he absolutely refused to do. "I have altered my mind," was all they could get from him. "I may do that if I like, I suppose, and if it don't hurt you." But some decided that it *did* hurt them; and when they continued to press him for further particulars, he desired them to mind their own business; and as this was the most difficult task he could set them, it made matters worse. George was too delicate-minded and too honorable to introduce Bessie's name and, when the inquisitive ones mentioned it, he turned upon them savagely. It caused quite a commotion in the neighborhood.

On the first day Mrs. Naldret had tried to persuade George to keep in-doors and not show himself. But he said, "No, mother; it will be better for me to show my face at once, and not shirk the thing." And his father backed him up in his resolution. When he resolved upon this, he went to his bedroom and locked himself in, and, after much sad communing, decided that the first thing it was incumbent on him to do was to go to Bessie and release her from her promise. Thus it was that he met young Mr. Million in the parlor of the old grocer's shop, where he had spent so many happy hours. He had decided in his mind what to say. He would be gentle and firm with Bessie. And as he walked to old Ben Sparrow's shop, disregarding the looks of astonishment which his first appearance in the streets occasioned, he rehearsed in his mind the exact words he would speak to her. But when he arrived there, and saw Mr. Million smilingly holding her hand, and saw the bunch of rare flowers on the table, he received such a shock that his plans were instantly swept away, and he spoke out of the bitterness of his heart.

How the news got about was a mystery, and how it grew into exaggerated and monstrous forms was a greater mystery still. Who has ever traced to its source the torrent of exciting rumor which, like a rush of waters, flows and swells, unlocking vivid imagination in its course, until reason and fact are lost in the whirl? All sorts of things were said. George was frightened of the water; he was in debt; he had done something wrong at the shop he had been working for, and was not allowed to leave without clearing it up; these and a hundred other things were said and commented upon. The peculiarity of this kind of rumor is, that directly a new theory is started, it is accepted as a fact, and is taken to pieces and discussed in all its bearings. George was a fruitful theme with the neighbors on that Saturday night and on the following day; they served him up hot (like a new and appetizing dish), and so seasoned him and spiced him and garnished him that it would have made his blood tingle to have known. But he did not know, and did not even suspect. To be sure, when Jim Naldret went to the baker's on the Sunday for his baked shoulder of mutton and potatoes, he heard some remarks which did not please him; but he did not say a word to George, and the mother, father, and son spent a sad and quiet evening together, and went to bed earlier than usual.

On the Monday the startling intelligence was bandied from one to another that George Naldret and Bessie Sparrow had broken with each other. Bessie had turned him off, it was said; they had had a dreadful quarrel the night before he was to start for Liverpool. But it is not necessary here to set down all the reasons that were given for the breaking of the engagement. Some of them were bad, and all were false. But in the course of the day a little rill was started, which grew and grew, and swelled and swelled, until it swallowed up all the other waters. A rod was thrown down, which, becoming instantly quick with life, turned into a serpent, and swallowed all the other serpents. It was said that Bessie had discovered that George had another sweetheart—who she was, where she lived, and how it had been kept secret during all this time, were matters of no importance; but it was first whispered, then spoken aloud and commented on, that this sweetheart should have been something more than a sweetheart to George—she should have been his wife. The reason why she should have been his wife was that George was a father. But where was the child? Rumor decided this instantaneously. The child was no other than our poor little Tottie; and George had basely deceived old Ben Sparrow and Bessie into taking care of the little one by a clever and wicked story that Tottie was an orphan, without a friend in the world. Here was food for the gossipers! How this hot dish was served up, and spiced, and seasoned!

It reached George's ears, and he wrote to Ben Sparrow. He said that he had heard some rumors affecting his character; he did not mention what these rumors were, but he said they were wicked lies—wicked, wicked lies, he repeated in his letter. The rumors he referred to may have reached Mr. Sparrow, and might affect the happiness of a poor innocent child—a child as innocent as he was himself. If so, he was ready to take the little one from Mr. Sparrow's charge. He said no more, concluding here, almost abruptly. A reply soon came. Ben Sparrow had heard the rumors, and was shocked at them; he believed what George said in his letter. But the child, said old Ben, was a comfort to them: by "them" he meant himself and Bessie, but he did not mention Bessie's name: it formed the principal part of their happiness now in their little home, and to part with her would cause "them" great grief and pain. His letter, also, was short and to the point. And so our little Tottie remained with old Ben Sparrow and Bessie, and was even more tenderly cared for than she had been before. Somehow or other, these letters were a great consolation to George and Bessie.

But the gossipers and rumor-mongers would not let them alone. They said that George's other sweetheart had declared if he went away she would go with him, and would follow him all over the world. Bessie then was brought in. She had another lover also, a lover she liked better than George. Who should it be but young Mr. Million? He gave her those pretty ear-rings, of course, and he was seen to go into old Ben's shop with beautiful flowers in his hands, and come away without them. Ben Sparrow encouraged him, too. Oh, it was plain to see what was going on! So both George and Bessie were condemned, and kind gossipers did what they could to keep them from ever coming together again.

George and young Mr. Million met. Young Mr. Million was alone; George had his father with him. The sight of the idle, well-dressed, smiling young dog made George furious. He left his father, and walked swiftly up to his enemy. A policeman was near. Young Mr. Million beckoned to him, and the limb of the law touched his helmet, and came close. Jim Naldret saw the position of affairs in a moment. "Come along, George," he said, and, linking his arm in that of his son, almost dragged him away. When they reached home, Mrs. Naldret made George promise not to molest young Mr. Million, not even to speak to him. "No good can come of it, my dear boy," she said; "let the scum be! Don't get yourself into trouble for him; he's not worth it. He'll meet with his deserts one day."

Time passed, and the world went on as usual. George got work at his old shop, and worked hard through the ensuing spring and summer. At that time murmurs of discontent began to be heard among the builders and carpenters—not only among them, but among the workers in nearly every other trade as well. Labor was on the strike all over the country, and one trade quickly followed the example of another. Jim himself began to murmur; he wanted to know what he was to do when he got old and couldn't work—for he had found it impossible to put by money for a rainy day.

"Go to the work-house, I suppose," he said, bitterly.

But Mrs. Naldret said, "Let be, Jim, let be; what's the use of looking forward? We should be happy enough as it is if it wasn't for George's misfortune. Poor lad! all the salt seems to have gone out of his life."

In the summer the crisis occurred in the trade, and Jim Naldret came home one day with his hands in his pockets, and said,

"Well, mother, do you want any washing done? I'm on strike."

"Jim! Jim!" cried Mrs. Naldret. "What have you done? Remember Saul Fielding."

"Saul Fielding wasn't so wrong, after all," said Jim; "I was a bit too hard on him. I can't help myself, mother. I'm obliged to turn out with the others."

It was well for them that during this time George had saved a little money; but although he gave them every penny he had saved, and although they pledged nearly every thing of value they had in the house, they were in debt when the strike was at an end.

"It'll be spring before we're clear, mother," said Jim; "we've got to pay this and that, you know."

Mrs. Naldret knew it well enough, and she began to pinch and save; this little family fought the battle of life well.

Old Ben Sparrow, of course, suffered with the rest. Trade grew duller and duller, and he drifted steadily, got from bad to worse, and from worse to worse than that. Autumn came and passed, and winter began to make the poor people shiver; for coals were at a wicked price. Down, down went old Ben Sparrow; sadder and sadder grew his face; and one day, within a fortnight of Christmas—alas! it was just a year from the time when George was nearly going away—Bessie heard a loud and angry voice in the shop. She hurried in, and saw her grandfather trembling behind the counter. The man who had uttered the angry words was quitting the shop. Bessie asked for an explanation.

"It's the landlord, my dear," he sobbed upon her shoulder, "It's the landlord. I've been behindhand with the rent ever so long, and I've promised him and promised him, hoping that trade would improve, until he's quite furious, and swears that he'll put a man in possession to-morrow morning."

"And you can't pay him, grandfather?"

"Bessie, my darling," sobbed old Ben; "there isn't eighteen-pence in the house, and I owe other money as well. I'm a ruined man, Bessie, I'm a ruined man! And you, my dear! Oh dear! oh dear! what is to become of us?"

And the poor old fellow pleaded to her, and asked her forgiveness a hundred times, as if he were the cause of their misfortunes. No need to say how Bessie consoled and tried to cheer him. She drew him into the parlor, and coaxed and fondled him, and rumpled the little hair he had on his head, and so forgot her own sorrow out of sympathy for his, that he almost forgot it too. But once during the night, while she was sitting on a stool at his feet, he said, softly and sadly, "Ah, Bess! I wouldn't mind this trouble—I'd laugh at it really—if—if—"

"If what, dear?"

"If you and George were together, my darling."

She did not reply, but rested her head on his knee, and looked sadly into the scanty fire. She saw no happy pictures in it.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

OLD Ben Sparrow had genuine cause for his distress. Ruin not only stared him in the face, but laid hold of him with a hard grip. The landlord was as good (or as bad) as his word. He called the following morning for his rent, and, as it was not forth-coming, he took an inventory, and put a man in possession. He brought this person in with him. A strange-looking man, with a twelvemonth's growth of hair at least on his face, and all of it as white as snow. The faces of Ben Sparrow and Bessie were almost as white as they followed the hard landlord from room to room, like mourners at a funeral. There was first the shop, with very little stock in it, and that little in bad condition. As the landlord said, How could a man expect to do business, and be able to pay his way honestly, when every thing he had to sell was stale and mouldy? And old Ben answered, humbly,

"Yes, yes, Sir; you're quite right, Sir. I ought to have known better. It's all my fault, Bessie, my darling; all my fault!" And felt as if, instead of an immediate execution coming to him, he ought to be led off to immediate execution.

"What d'ye call these?" asked the landlord, contemptuously. "Figs! Why, they're as shriveled as—as you are."

"Yes, yes, Sir; quite right, Sir. We are, Sir, we are; we ought to be put away! We're worth nothing now—nothing now!"

After the shop came the parlor, with the furniture that old Ben had bought for his wedding more than forty years ago; he sobbed as the landlord called out, "One old arm-chair, stuffed and rickety!" and said to Bessie, "Your grandmother's favorite chair, my darling!"

The old fellow could have knelt and kissed the "one old arm-chair, stuffed and rickety," he was so tender about it. Then they went into the kitchen; then up stairs to Ben Sparrow's bedroom, and old Ben cried again as "One old wooden bedstead—wheezy!" went down in the inventory; then into another bedroom, where Bessie and Tottie slept. The man in possession stooped down by the child's bed.

"What are you looking for?" demanded the landlord, testily.

"I was thinking the child might be there," replied the man in possession, meekly; "there *is* a child, isn't there?"

"What if there is!" exclaimed the landlord. "Can't sell a child. There's no market for them."

Old Ben explained: "There is a child. Poor little Tottie! But we've sent her out to a neighbor's, thinking you would come."

"And might frighten her, eh?" said the landlord. And shortly afterward took his departure, leaving the man in possession, with strict injunctions not to allow a thing to be taken out of the house.

"You're accountable, mind you," were his last words.

Bessie and her grandfather felt as if the house had been suddenly turned into a prison, and as if this man, with his strange face and snow-white hair, had been appointed their jailer. As he did not appear to notice them, old Ben beckoned to Bessie, and they crept out of the parlor into the shop for all the world as if they had been found guilty of some desperate crime. In the shop they breathed more freely.

"What are we to do with him, Bessie?" asked Ben. "What do they generally do with men in possession? They give 'em tobacco and beer, I've heard. Oh dear! oh dear! I don't mind for myself, my darling; I don't mind for myself. It's time I was put away. But for you, Bessie—oh, my darling child! what have I done to deserve this? What have I done? What have I done?"

"Grandfather," said Bessie, firmly, "you mustn't go on like this. We must have courage. Now I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. I'm going to take care of you, dear grandfather, as you have taken care of me. You know how clever I am with my needle, and I intend to get work; and you shall thread my needles for me, grandfather. We can live on very little—"

Her poor white lips began to tremble here, and she kissed the old man again and again, and cried in his arms, to show how courageous she was.

"I beg your pardon," said a gentle voice behind them. It was the man in possession who spoke. "I beg your pardon," he repeated. "May I beg a word with you in the parlor?"

They dared not for their lives refuse him, and they followed him tremblingly.

"I am aware," he said then, as they stood before him like criminals, "that I am here on an unpleasant duty, and that I must appear very disagreeable in your eyes—"

"No, no, Sir," remonstrated Ben, feeling that his fate and Bessie's were in this man's hands; "don't say that, Sir! Quite the contrary, indeed, Sir; quite the contrary, eh, Bessie?"

And the arch old hypocrite tried to smile, to show that he was delighted with the man's company.

"But I assure you," continued the man, "that I have no desire to annoy or distress you. I have gone through hardships myself"—with a motion of his hand toward his white hair—"as you may see."

"What is it you want us to do, Sir?" asked Ben Sparrow. "I am sure any thing you want, such as tobacco or beer—or any thing that there is in the cupboard—"

"I want you to feel as if I wasn't in the house. I know, for instance, that this is your sitting-room; I don't want you to run away from it. If you like, I will go and sit in the kitchen."

"No, no, Sir!" implored Ben Sparrow. "Not for worlds. We couldn't allow such a thing, could we, Bessie? This is my granddaughter, Sir!—the dearest child that man ever had!"

Why, here was the man in possession, as old Ben broke down, actually patting him on the shoulder, and looking into his face with such genuine sympathy, that before Ben knew where he was, he had held out his hand as to a friend! What would the next wonder be?

"That's right," said the man in possession; "we may as well be comfortable together, and I shall take it ill of you, if you and your granddaughter do not use the parlor just as if I wasn't here. If you don't, I shall go and sit in the kitchen."

They could do nothing else after this but look upon the parlor as their own again. Bessie felt very grateful to the man for the sympathy he had shown to her grandfather, and she took out her old work-box, and sat down to mend a pair of Tottie's socks. "The way that child makes holes in her toes and heels is most astonishing," Ben had often remarked.

The man in possession glanced at the little socks, and then at Bessie, so thoughtfully and kindly that she gave him a wistful smile, which he returned, and said,

"Thank you, child!" in a very sweet and gentle tone.

When dinner-time came, and before they could ask him to share their humble meal, he went to the street-door and called a boy, who, in obedience to his instructions, bought some cold meat and bread at a neighboring shop. All he asked Bessie to give him was a glass of cold water, and with this and his bread and meat he made a good meal. To the astonishment of Bessie and old Ben, they found they were growing to like him. After dinner, he seemed to be drowsy, and sat with closed eyes and thoughtful face in the corner of the room he had appropriated to himself, which, it may be remarked, was not the warmest corner. Bessie and old Ben talked in whispers at first, so as not to disturb him, but after a time his regular breathing convinced them that he was sleeping, and Bessie laid down her plans to the old man. When they were turned out of the shop they would take one room, Bessie said; they would be very comfortable, she was sure, if they would only make up their minds to be so, and she would work for all three, for grandfather, Tottie, and herself. Indeed, the girl showed herself so much of a true woman in her speech that she was almost beginning to persuade the old man that what had occurred was, after all, no great misfortune.

"How strange that his hair should be white!" remarked Ben, looking at the sleeping man. "He does not seem old enough for that. He isn't very attentive to his duties, whatever they may be. Why, Bessie," said the old man, in a whisper that was almost gleeful, "we could actually run away!" But his thoughts assumed their sadder tenor immediately afterward, and he sighed, "Ah, Bessie! What will George think of all this? They've had trouble at home too, Bessie dear, during the strike. I often wished, during that time, that I could have gone and sat with them, and comforted them; and you wished so too, Bess, I know."

"Yes, dear," answered Bess, in a quiet tone, "I wished so too. But George might have put a wrong construction upon it."

"Bess, darling, tell me—"

"No, no!" cried Bessie, holding up her hands entreatingly, for she anticipated what he was about to say. "Don't ask me, grandfather! It can never, never be! Oh, my dear, I try to forget, but I can't!" She paused, unable to proceed for her tears, but presently said, "I should be so much happier if he thought better of me—although I know we can never be to each other what we were. I was angry and indignant at first, but I am not so now. If he had only answered me about Tottie—dear little Tottie—" The man murmured in his sleep, and they spoke in hushed voices.

"It was wrong of me to doubt him," continued the girl, "very, very wrong! I should have trusted him, as he told me to. He can never think well of me again—never, never! But do you know, dear, that I have loved Tottie more since that time than I did before—poor little motherless thing! I shall never be happy again! Never again! Oh, my poor heart!"

It was Ben's turn now to be the consoler, and he soothed her, and caressed her, and suddenly cried,

"Bessie! young Mr. Million!"

What made Bessie turn white at the name? What made her gasp and bite her lips as the young gentleman entered the room?

"I am grieved to hear of what has happened, Mr. Sparrow," he said, taking off his hat, "and I have come at once to ask if you will allow me to assist you."

"Hush, if you please, Sir," returned Ben. "Speak low. That—that man in the corner has been put in by the landlord, and I shouldn't like to wake him. We are in great distress—ruined, I may say, Sir—"

"Then let me help you," interrupted young Mr. Million, eagerly. "It will be a pleasure to me. Let me pay this man off. You and Miss Sparrow will confer an obligation upon *me*—believe me!—if you will allow me to do this."

"I thank you for your offer, Sir," replied Ben, with a helpless look around the humble room in which he had spent many happy years, "but"—something in Bessie's face imparted a decision to his voice—"it can't be, Sir, it can't be."

"Why?"

"Well, Sir, it might get talked about, and that wouldn't do Bessie any good. You see, Sir, you are so far above us that it's impossible we—we can mix, Sir. Yes, Sir, that's it; it's impossible we can mix. No, Sir, it can't be."

Young Mr. Million was silent for a few moments, and tapped with his fingers impatiently on the table.

"For some time," he then said, "I have seen that you and Miss Sparrow have rejected my advances, and have been different from what you were. Why, may I ask again?"

"Well, Sir," replied old Ben, emboldened by the expression on Bessie's face, "it is best to speak plain. You see, Sir, the neighbors *will* talk; and when they see a gentleman like you always a-visiting poor people like us, they want to know the reason of it. And as we've no reason to give, they make one for themselves. People *will* talk, you see, Sir, and I am afraid that my Bessie's name—my Bessie! the best girl in the world, Sir; good enough to be a princess—"

"That she is," put in young Mr. Million.

"Well, Sir, as I was saying, I am afraid that my Bessie's name has got mixed up with yours by people's tongues in such a way as to cause sorrow to her and to me. I have heard, Sir, that she was seen one day—nearly a year ago now—go into your house, and that has been set against her, and flung into her teeth, as a body might say. Well, she *did* go into your house that once—and only that once, mind!—and took a letter from me which you desired me to send by her last year when I was in trouble. You helped us then, Sir, and I am grateful to you, though I can't pay you. And we've got it into our heads—Bessie and me—that that, and the ear-rings you gave her—for *they've* been talked about too, and that's the reason we sent them back to you—was the cause of a greater sorrow to my poor girl than she has ever experienced in her life."

"Oh!" exclaimed young Mr. Million, with a slight sneer in his tone. "You mean because the affair between Miss Sparrow and that cub, George Naldret, has been broken off."

From Bessie's eyes came such a flash, that if the idle young dog could have flown through the door, and have disappeared there and then instantaneously, he would have gladly availed himself of the opportunity. Old Ben Sparrow's blood, also, was up.

"Be kind enough to go, Sir," he said, with more dignity of manner than Bessie had ever seen in him; "and wherever we are, either here or elsewhere, leave us to ourselves and our troubles."

Their voices roused the man in possession; he yawned, and opened his eyes. Young Mr. Million saw here an opportunity to assert himself as the heir of a great brewery, and to indulge in a small piece of malice, at one and the same time.

"I must show my sense of your ingratitude," he said, "by somewhat severe measures, and therefore you will arrange at once for the repayment of the money I have advanced to you. I must remind you that there is such a thing as imprisonment for debt. As for the money which your son embezzled from our firm, I must leave my father to settle that with you. In the mean time—"

"In the mean time," interrupted the man in possession, to the astonishment of all, "I'm the master of this house, being in possession; and as you're not down in the inventory, I must request you to leave."

And without allowing the idle young dog to utter another word, the man in possession, with a wrist of iron, twisted him round and thrust him from the old grocer's shop.

So young Mr. Million, for a fresh supply of wild oats, had to go to another market. And doubtless succeeded in obtaining them: they are plentiful enough.

Ben Sparrow could not but thank the man in possession for his friendly interference.

"Don't mention it," said the man in possession, adding, with an odd smile, "he's not down in the inventory, you know."

The interview had caused old Ben and Bessie great agitation, and left them sadly distressed; but nothing could exceed the consideration of the man in possession. He did not ask them for a word of explanation. When, indeed, the old man stumblingly referred to it, he turned the conversation, and asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope. These being supplied to him, he wrote a note, and when, after putting it in the envelope and addressing it, he looked up, his hitherto sad face wore such a bright expression that Ben whispered to his granddaughter,

"Really, Bessie, he is a good fellow; he puts heart into one;" and said, aloud, "Can I post the letter for you, Sir?"

"No, thank you," was the reply; "I can send it by a messenger. I mustn't let you out of my sight, you know. The landlord said I was accountable for you."

Old Ben began to feel as if he were in prison again.

It was dark when Tottie was brought home; she ran into the parlor calling for grandfather and Bessie, and jumped into their arms, and kissed them, and pulled old Ben's hair; she seemed to bring light in with her.

"Is that Tottie?" asked the man in possession, in a tremulous tone.

"Yes, Sir, yes," replied old Ben. "Go to the gentleman, my dear."

Something like a sob came from the man in possession as he lifted Tottie and kissed her; and when, a little while afterward, the lamp was lighted, and Tottie was seen curled up contentedly in the man's arms eating sweets which he was giving her—with such a sweet tooth as Tottie had, it was no wonder she was easily bought over—old Ben whispered to Bessie,

"Depend upon it, my dear, he has got a little daughter at home, that makes him fond of Tottie."

Every thing about this strange man was so gentle that they actually looked upon him as a friend instead of an enemy.

SOFTLY, SWEETLY, PROCEEDS THE HYMN OF HOME.

"It is a story about two friends—"

It is the man in possession who is speaking. Tottie is lying in his arms as contentedly as if she has known him all her life; he has told her the prettiest of stories, and the child has crowed and laughed over them, until she is almost tired with the pleasure and excitement. And now, although it is very nearly eleven o'clock, and time to think of going to bed, Bessie and her grandfather find themselves listening to a story which he says he desires to tell them. Of course they dare not refuse to listen.

"It is a story about two friends—mainly about those, although the dearest hopes of others better and purer than they are mixed up in it. The story is a true one. What shall I call these friends, so as to distinguish them? Shall I say George for one— What is the matter, my dear?" For Bessie has looked with a startled glance into the stranger's face. "George is a common name enough, and this man whom I call George is a good man, in every sense of the word. Say, shall I call him George?"

"Yes, if you please," replies Bessie, faintly, turning her face from him.

"And the other—I will call him Saul."

"Bessie, my dear!" exclaims old Ben Sparrow. "Do you hear? Saul and George!"

Bessie's hand steals into his, and the stranger continues.

"Say, then, Saul and George. They lived